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No News

The daily press indicated that there was no important news from Spain or China last week. No news, except that large numbers of people continued to be wounded or killed in wars that never should have been started. No news except semi-starvation and misery for millions of innocent victims. No news except that Japan continued what is likely to prove her attempt to commit suicide, and that most of the great powers, under the hypocritical pretense of non-intervention, went ahead with their plans to strangle the government of Spain and substitute for it a fascist tyranny. No news, by today's standards; but a hundred happenings which, thirty years ago, would have winged their way around a shocked and horrified world.

The President Takes the Stump

President Roosevelt, in his transcontinental tour, from time to time remarked that he was not interfering in state politics; but his interference was so clear and unmistakable that the observation could only be interpreted as ironic. In state after state, he praised those Senators and Representatives standing in Democratic primaries as New Dealers and was conspicuously silent about the qualities of their opponents. In our judgment, the President's action was wholly right and proper. We wish, indeed, that he had gone farther and abandoned the rather artificial distinction between his role as President and that as head of the Democratic Party. Surely everyone in America knows by now that

the New Deal embodies an aspiration for the remaking of American life that far transcends, and in some ways differs from, the traditional policies of the Democratic Party. If the President were to stand idly by and watch men elected to Congress who were openly or secretly pledged to fight against everything of importance in his program, he would be a traitor to his own cause. The conservatives who are scolding him so bitterly for "getting into politics" have been scolding him on one ground or another for every breath he has drawn since 1933. Their real objection to his course is that it has to some degree been effective, that it has actually shifted the balance of power somewhat from special privilege to the masses of the people.

We Like Mr. Hughes

Many men have been called typically American, but Howard Hughes, who at this moment is somewhere in the air over the broad stretches of Siberia, is a type that Americans particularly admire—because, perhaps, most of us are so different from him. Like Lindbergh, he dislikes publicity and the theatrical. He is daring, but without bravado; his achievement rests on careful preparation and scientific concentration. He is in love with his machine. Simple in manners, careless in dress, unconscious of social distinctions, he devotes his superior capacities to the conquest of new difficulties. His round-the-world flight, however it may turn out, is not the sort of reckless stunt that has caused so much expense and trouble in other cases. Nothing has been overlooked that might contribute to its success; it will

CONTENTS

The Week 289

Editorials

Who Wants Refugees? 291
Flood Disaster in China 292
More Civil Liberty 293

General Articles

Can War Be Civilized? George Fielding Eliot 294
Planning by the States Ralph Bolton Cooney 296
Spain in War: II Waldo Frank 298
Marx Decides to Change the World
Edmund Wilson 301
Silence in Mallorca (verse) Genevieve Taggard 304
Shoot the Works Heywood Broun 305
Washington Notes T. R. B. 306

Other People's Money John T. Flynn 307
The Soldier and the Lady Otis Ferguson 308
Involution (verse) Ramón Zarro 308
The Bandwagon 309

Correspondence 309

Books in Review

The Death of a World John Chamberlain 311
Nighttime in Dixie Gerald W. Johnson 312
Bad News of England Norah Hoult 313
CIO on the March Samuel Yellen 313
Government and Business
Zechariah Chafee Jr. 313
Father Confucius Florence Ayscough 314
Evangelical Criticism Lionel Trilling 314
New Books: A Reader's List 315

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advance the science of aviation. Mr. Hughes apparently is a man of broad interests and intelligence; his former success as a motion-picture producer indicates that. And not the least achievement for which his countrymen will honor him is that he has not allowed himself to be spoiled by inherited wealth. The millions which his father left him seem to have played the part which, in a socialist society, should be played by support from the state for the activities of men of talent.

Cardozo

Mr. Justice Cardozo's death robs the Supreme Court of what was probably its finest mind. His career was a straight line of advancement within the law and there was little in his life that his career did not embrace. From the bar he went to the New York State Supreme Court in 1914, then to the Court of Appeals, the highest judicial body in the state, of which he became Chief Judge in 1926, and in 1932 was appointed to the Supreme Court by President Hoover—who was pressed into the choice by Senators Borah and Wagner. A selfless ascetic, a bookish philosopher, he was called by Max Lerner in *The New Republic* "a cross between a Gandhi and a Cato." His legal scholarship was impeccable, yet at the same time he followed the Brandeis tradition of insisting on seeing every question in its social and economic context. His legal style was a pleasure to read. His mind, as Mr. Lerner also wrote, combined "to a hitherto unparalleled degree the generous and the scrupulous." He had less of fire and of the common touch than Holmes, little of the crusading spirit of Brandeis, and none of the vigor of leadership that other great jurists have shown. Remote and brilliant, he exerted an influence more like that of the star by whose liquid radiance the navigator sets his course.

Foods, Drugs and Cosmetics

At last, a pure-food, drug and cosmetic law. Almost unnoticed in the rush of business at the close of Congress has been the fact that a new law was accepted by both Houses and signed by the President. More than thirty years ago, the first "pure-food" law was written. It was never very strong and had been urgently in need of revision for many years. One of the earliest acts of the Roosevelt administration, five years ago, was to introduce the "Tugwell bill," over which a battle has continued ever since. The patent-medicine people, the food industry, the growers of apples and other fruits who use poisonous sprays as insecticides, all ganged up, aided by their loyal friends in both Houses of Congress. They were helped, too, by a quarrel between two government bureaus, the Food and Drug Administration and the Federal Trade Commission, as to which should carry out the provisions of the new law. The late Senator Royal S. Copeland of New York, closely associated with the fight for five years, was fiercely denounced for betraying the princi-

ples of the bill and was defended with equal fierceness by his partisans.

The new measure is about halfway between a really good bill and nothing at all. Its greatest weakness is perhaps the fact that advertising is not properly regulated, being subject only to the action of the Federal Trade Commission, which never moves until misbehavior has already taken place, and is often so late that its action is ineffective. Standards for food will be set up, but the customer will still be unable to know what grade he is buying. These standards, moreover, refer only to poisons, adulterants, etc., and not to the quality of the product itself. Soap is not included under "cosmetics," as it should have been. On the good side of the ledger we find that new drugs may not be sold until they have been thoroughly tested—which will prevent another sulfanilamide scandal. Habit-forming drugs must be properly labeled. Cosmetics dangerous to health are forbidden, except poisonous coal-tar hair dyes, which may be sold if properly identified. The active ingredients of drugs must be listed, and also of foods if two or more ingredients are blended. Therapeutic devices are at last under control.

With the five-year battle ended, we hope it will now begin again. We should like to see a really good bill introduced at the next session of Congress. If the patent-medicine gang and their friends are to keep us from an effective law, at least let's make them know they've been in a fight.

The Cost of Railroad Travel

The Eastern railroads have obtained permission to raise their basic rate during an experimental period of eighteen months from two cents a mile to two and a half. Their action causes us to ponder: have the managers all gone crazy? Or are they in a concerted plot to ruin their own properties? As a well known expert, Gilbert Burck, pointed out in *The New Republic* of January 12, two cents a mile is obviously the highest level to which the railroads can raise their fares without losing business. When fares were cut to this level in the East (over the violent protests of the roads) the result was a tremendous increase in volume. Raise the rates again, and people will go back to riding in buses or driving their own cars. If anything were to be done to rates, they should have been lowered rather than increased. If one-quarter of those who now use automobiles would use trains, the railroads' business would be quadrupled. If trains were half-full, on the average, the roads could break even at one cent a mile. This is proved by the experience of the Western roads, which earn \$2 to \$7 a mile with a fare that is less, on the average, than two cents. The Milwaukee line's "Hiawatha," with an average fare of 1.9 cents, turns in a million dollars a year above operating costs, including fixed charges on the train. More than twenty years ago, Mr. Justice Brandeis said that the railroads could

save a million dollars a day by instituting reasonable economies. Most of these economies have yet to be made, while management (at least in the Eastern states) jogs along in the same old rut, actuated by the discarded doctrine of "all the traffic will bear."

Death in Kentucky

It is interesting that Frank White, one of the deputy-sheriff defendants in the Harlan trial, should have been killed a few days ago in Corbin, Kentucky. Corbin, seventy miles from Harlan, is near London, the scene of the trial (discussed by Joseph C. Harsch in *The New Republic* of July 6). In Corbin, the defense has made its headquarters. It is not a place where any Harlan native with a grudge against Frank White would come to settle his feud.

White, although himself a defendant, was considered "a bad risk" by some of the other people on trial. He was the only individual named by government witnesses as being in one of the cars occupied by the men who killed Bennett Musick. White had not yet testified, but would have done so soon. His murder has recalled to the public mind the killing of Wash Irwin, another former deputy sheriff in Harlan, who was to have been a defendant. He was "taken for a ride" in Harlan before the trial started. Justly or not, many will ask whether it is more than coincidence that Irwin and White, whose testimony might have been so embarrassing to so many people, should have died at just the right time to benefit those people.

News Notes of a Week

Grave disturbances continued in Palestine during the week ending July 12. Many more deaths occurred as a result of terrorism blamed on both Jews and Arabs; Great Britain rushed warships to the area and Arabian troops were reported to be massing along the frontier. . . . Agitation continued in Great Britain over the government's attempt to muzzle legitimate criticism by a member of the House of Commons through the misuse of the Official Secret Act. There was no doubt that the Chamberlain government had undergone a serious blow to its prestige. . . . With Great Britain and the United States continuing to operate an unadmitted but effective boycott against Mexico's oil, that country announced a contract to barter oil worth about \$10,000,000 to Germany and Italy in exchange for machinery.

The National Labor Relations Board made news in three areas. In St. Louis it gave a preliminary ruling in favor of strikers in the Ford plant. In Maryland, a manufacturer of shoes was estopped from interfering in every way he could devise with efforts of employees to organize a union. In New Orleans, where the police have been ruthlessly attempting to destroy a CIO union of truck drivers, the NLRB threatened criminal prosecution against the police for this amazing viola-

tion of civil liberties. . . . As the congressional investigation of the TVA began, Dr. Arthur Morgan appealed to the courts for restoration of his post. . . . For some millions of Americans, the chief news of the week seemed to be that Barbara Hutton, the five-and-ten-cent-store heiress, had tired of another husband.

Who Wants Refugees?

THAT PART OF THE WORLD which still maintains any pretense to being civilized has been horrified by the cruelty exercised against Jews, other "non-Aryans" and political undesirables in Germany and Austria. When hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of persons are arbitrarily deprived of a means of making a living and of their property, if not of liberty or life itself, and forced to go elsewhere merely in order to keep breath in their bodies, the tragedy is beyond human comprehension. Of course the present situation is simply an aggravation of one that has existed for several years, and extends to other countries as well, including Italy, Poland, Rumania and Hungary. The League of Nations and individual countries have been struggling with it. But Hitler's murder of Austrian civilization and the renewal of the purge in Germany have made the problem doubly acute.

The principal non-Fascist nations have now assembled delegates at Evian, France, in order to discuss what can be done about it. No doubt all present sympathized with the denunciation by Mr. Myron Taylor, the American delegate, of the inhuman practices that had given rise to the emergency. What a demonstration these nations might have provided for the world if they could have gone on wholeheartedly to act in the spirit of the cause that brought them together! If they had proclaimed at once that the unfortunate victims of persecution would be welcomed elsewhere, promptly and with as few obstacles as possible, the humane superiority of democracy over its enemies would have been strikingly demonstrated. Unfortunately, however, many of the delegates protested that their countries had no room for the victims, and even the more liberal offers were scanty enough. The annoyance at the Nazis seemed to proceed fully as much from the fact that they had presented the rest of the world with an awkward problem of absorption as from the cruelty practised toward the exiles, past and future.

France, Great Britain, the Netherlands, New Zealand and Australia all were niggardly in their promises of efforts to find room for more people. Czechoslovakia, democratic state though she is, rigorously excludes Austrian refugees. Switzerland does not want them. The United States, though classed by reporters as one of the more "liberal" participants, has a quota for Germans of but 27,000, and there is

no hint that this may be increased. Yet it is probable that a million persons will have to leave Vienna alone. Argentina, Brazil, Canada, Mexico and Peru used language of welcome, yet they cannot find room for many except as agricultural laborers—and only a few of those seeking escape from Europe are peasants. In some cases it is required that a definite quota go on the land. Even Palestine, created as the national home for the Jews, is obliged to restrict immigration because of pressure from the Arabs upon Great Britain. Meanwhile England and France want, for political reasons, to exclude from the present arrangements refugees from all the non-Germanic countries, especially Italy. Mr. Taylor aptly expressed the general feeling when he compared the expulsion of the unwanted populations to the “dumping” of commodities, in respect of the difficulties it creates for the recipients.

Why should this be so? The refugees are not shiftless incompetents; many of them are leaders in their callings, and probably a large majority have proved their ability to achieve economic independence—otherwise the Nazis would not take such care to prevent them from taking their property with them. The delegates assert that their nationals harbor no deep-seated racial antipathies. The nations called upon to accept them as immigrants seem to believe that they represent a net burden—as if their competition for jobs were certain to throw native citizens out of work, or as if they would otherwise have to be fed at public expense. There is a good deal of stubborn truth, under present circumstances, in this view, since the nations in question cannot keep their existing populations fully employed. Nevertheless there is no really good reason why it should be so. The worker who fears immigration because of the immigrant's competition for jobs ought to be reassured by the reflection that for every new pair of hands to work there is at least one new mouth to feed and body to clothe, which should provide a market demand for the equivalent of what the hands can produce. The government official and taxpayer who fears the addition of a new person to relief burdens ought to be able to see that if new demand is provided for commodities, there should be new demand for labor as well. Immigrants are both producers and consumers; their addition to a given population ought not to give rise to economic unbalance.

There might be an exception in a state whose natural resources are so limited and whose means of production and skill of management are so meager that it had already passed the optimum population. Very few countries are, however, literally overpopulated in this sense. Certainly the United States is not. The trouble really lies deeper. It lies in the inability so to fit together resources, capital and labor, and so to balance effective demand with supply, as to maximize production and abolish unemployment. That difficulty exists quite independently of the size of population.

If immigration aggravates it, the trouble is not with immigration, at least more than temporarily. The trouble is with an unplanned and ill managed economy.

The ironic spectacle at Evian is a striking instance of the truth that if democracy is to resist or repair the barbarities of fascism, its essential job is to set its own house in order. All the human sympathy, all the ethical sentiments in the world cannot help the refugees as long as those nations that express their abhorrence at the injustice being done are unprepared to receive the victims of the injustice. And they cannot do that sufficiently unless they learn how to run their own economic affairs with justice to their own peoples.

Flood Disaster in China

AMERICANS do not realize the terrible results from the breaking of the dikes on the Yellow River in China. In the opinion of Dr. Walter Lowdermilk, it is creating the worst flood disaster in human history. Dr. Lowdermilk, chief of the Division of Research of the Soil Conservation Service of the United States Department of Agriculture, spent five years in China studying conditions on the Yellow River. His view, set forth in Science Service, is that the dikes cannot be repaired, and that the river will never go back to its course. On the contrary, it will join the Yangtze-Kiang, with which it is already connected through the Hwei River and the Grand Canal. Kiangsu Province, one of the most heavily populated in China, will be flooded when the water from the broken dikes reaches this area, about the middle of the present month. At about the same time, conditions will become worse on the upper reaches of the Yellow River because of the “spring melt” from the mountains of Tibet.

Conditions on the Yellow River are similar to but worse than those on the lower Mississippi. The river flows through loose silt called loess, which easily washes away; Dr. Lowdermilk has found a mud content in the river water of 24 percent. The bed of the river silts up rapidly, and dikes must be built to keep it in its course. In many places the bed of the stream is thirty feet above the adjacent countryside. When the dikes are broken, the water pours out like a miniature Niagara. It is almost impossible to repair a broken dike, especially when only primitive tools and hand labor are available.

Dr. Lowdermilk is not convinced that the Chinese deliberately broke the dikes. He points out that annual repairs have been necessary for many years to keep them intact, and that the war this year made such work impossible. Vibration from the firing of heavy guns may have helped to do the damage.

When the flood is at its worst, Dr. Lowdermilk thinks it is inevitable that hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions will die. The destruction of vast areas of

farm land will bring what may prove the worst famine in modern times. It will be a miracle if this is not accompanied by epidemics of cholera, typhus and other diseases. The whole Japanese attack upon China has been a disaster from every possible point of view. If Dr. Lowdermilk is right, Japan's bungling tactics will have reached a climax in the permanent destruction of a vast area of the land she was trying to loot.

More Civil Liberty

THESE past twelve months hold an encouraging record of progress in the field of civil liberties. One or two diseased communities in the United States, notably Jersey City, New Jersey, have had spectacularly bad experiences, but the view of the country as a whole that is presented in the annual summary report by the American Civil Liberties Union shows a gradual and substantial improvement over the previous year just as it, in turn, had bettered 1935-36.

Nothing in the report is more significant than the reduction in violations of trade-union civil rights, which have for years constituted the largest single source of infringements. Twenty-four strikers and sympathizers were killed and 490 injured, a figure far too large, but smaller, nevertheless, than that for the previous period. Picketing has been allowed more freely and labor injunctions were comparatively few. There were scattered instances of mob violence in industrial conflicts; all of them, it is interesting to notice, were attacks on strikers by strike-breaking gangs. The National Labor Relations Board, supported by favorable Court decisions and assisted by five state boards, is responsible for the reduced use of violence, espionage and intimidation against organized labor, says the report. And in spite of the bitter attacks upon the NLRB "by the recalcitrant minority of employers who refuse to accept collective bargaining," all efforts to hamstring its power or to establish public control of trade unions were defeated. No group is better qualified than the ACLU to judge the effectiveness of the National Labor Relations Act as it has been applied by the Board. This sober study of the the Board's achievements is a good antidote to the hysteria of those who, for one reason or another, see fit to attack it in season and out.

The decisions of the Supreme Court which have affected civil liberties were, except in the case testing the Georgia poll-tax law, wholly favorable. The Court has sustained the National Labor Relations Act at all points. It held that picketing in the absence of a strike cannot be enjoined; that leaflets and pamphlets may be distributed without a permit. It held that evidence obtained by wire-tapping is inadmissible in the federal courts. While the courts thus made progress, however, Congress failed to pass any legislation extending civil

liberties and adopted one restrictive measure, the bill prohibiting picketing within 500 feet of foreign embassies.

The ACLU has a lot to be thankful for as it adds up the balance sheet for 1937-38, but there are plenty of items on the debit side. The disgraceful Senate filibuster which killed the anti-lynching bill is one, the indefensible position of the Alabama state authorities in keeping five of the Scottsboro boys in prison on the same evidence that was judged worthless against the four who have been freed is another. The ACLU condemns the California Supreme Court's denial of a writ of habeas corpus to Tom Mooney, Mayor Frank Hague's continuous denial of civil rights in Jersey City, the Memorial Day, 1937, massacre of pickets at the Republic Steel plant in Chicago and the acquittal in the Florida court of the five policemen charged with the murder of Joseph Shoemaker. Altogether there are twenty-three such instances of violations by public officials of the constitution they are sworn to uphold.

Each year the ACLU awards to a select list of cities and counties the unenviable distinction of being the chief centers of repression in the United States. Jersey City leads this year's list, followed by Harlan County, Memphis, San Antonio, Tampa, Chicago, Boston, Puerto Rico and Gallup, New Mexico. On the other hand, conditions have improved enough in the Imperial Valley of Southern California, eastern Arkansas, Detroit, Terre Haute, Atlanta, Birmingham and New Orleans to warrant their exclusion from the latest blacklist. (New Orleans in the past few days has backslid.)

One thing in this long report is underemphasized. That is the responsibility of the Civil Liberties Union itself for the progress it notes. The summary deals almost entirely with tabulated results. You must supply for yourself the details of the ceaseless work and tireless devotion that the members of the Union donate to their ideal.

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Can War Be Civilized?

JAPANESE PLANES swoop low above the teeming, narrow streets of old Canton, and their great bombs hurtle downward—insensate messengers of death, making no choice among soldier or civilian, man or woman, adult or child.

Spanish insurgent bombers—Germans or Italians, perhaps, if their real character were to be determined—hurl destruction upon a village market day in Catalonia, upon the seacoast cities of eastern Spain.

Daily the world's headlines shriek the news of a fresh horror. And daily rises louder the question of those millions whom war has not yet touched, but who tomorrow or the day after may lie beneath the shadow of hostile wings: is there no way to stop the bombing of open cities? Is there no way to confine the operations of bombing planes to military objectives?

It is a question which presses for an answer: and the answer is hard to give.

The half-century immediately preceding the outbreak of the World War saw much attention devoted to the question of regulating the conduct of hostilities by means of international agreements, in all of which the controlling considerations appeared to be the amelioration of the condition of the sick and wounded, the protection of noncombatant individuals, the protection of neutrals and the outlawing of unnecessarily cruel and destructive methods of warfare.

Several great international conferences were held to examine these matters; the Geneva conventions of 1864 and 1906, the Declaration of St. Petersburg of 1868, the Declaration of the Hague of 1899 and the several Hague conventions of 1907 together set up a code or system which was incorporated into municipal law and military regulations by the high contracting parties; the result, in so far as the United States Army was concerned, was a volume entitled "Rules of Land Warfare," of which the last edition was issued "for the information and government of the armed land forces of the United States" in 1914.

Not all, however, of the various participating nations ratified all of these agreements; thus the Hague convention No. XIV of 1907, forbidding "the discharge of projectiles and explosives from balloons or by other new methods of a similar nature," was ratified by Great Britain and the United States alone of the major powers. Also, almost all of the agreements contained a clause similar in tenor to the following, copied from one of the Hague agreements: "The provisions of the present convention do not apply except between contracting powers, and then only if all the belligerents are parties to the convention." This clause was actually employed by Germany, in the World

War, to excuse non-compliance with one of the conventions upon the ground that Montenegro, a belligerent on the Allied side, was not a party to it, though every other state then belligerent was a party.

With regard especially to elements of the various conventions which sought to "humanize" war, these forbade such acts as the use of poisoned weapons and dum-dum or explosive bullets; killing the wounded; refusing quarter; ill treatment of prisoners of war; breach of parole; firing on undefended localities; misuse of or firing on the flag of truce or the Red Cross flag; bombardment of or improper military use of hospitals or other privileged buildings; use of civilian clothes by troops to conceal their military character in action; pillage and purposeless destruction; poisoning of wells and streams; ill treatment of inhabitants in occupied territory. The conventions recognized that punishment of states which might commit infractions of these laws was all but impossible in practice; but they recognized the force of neutral public opinion, they provided for compensation by the state for illegal acts of individuals and for the punishment of such individuals; and they took into account the use of reprisals by the injured party.

The making and carrying on of war was thus confined within definite, if rather broad, limitations; and while it cannot be contended that all the rules were strictly observed by all the belligerents during the war of 1914-18, yet neither were any of them openly defied. Many were observed in whole or in part; where any belligerent was charged with an infraction it was notable that the reply was never truculent defiance, but always sought to find an excuse, or to show that the rule had not been broken, or that the measure complained of was in reprisal for like previous conduct by an opponent. Thus the codification of the laws of war was productive of great good.

The clamor which arose over such matters as the German submarine campaign, the air raids over London and over the German Rhine cities, the British blockade measures and the invasion of Belgium tended to obscure accurate and objective examination of these events; yet now, at twenty years' distance, it can be perceived that while there were infractions of the laws of war on both sides, yet these were far fewer in number and less grave in degree than the heated vision of the time gave the public to understand. They owed much of their horrendous aspect to the tireless labor of the propagandist and the receptive imagination of war-fevered minds.

In fact, the contrast between the conditions in 1914-18 and those of the last preceding general conflict, the Napoleonic Wars, gave much promise for the

future. If so much had been accomplished in so comparatively short a time, there was surely room for further progress along the same lines. But that promise was forgotten in the glittering though spurious hope of abolishing war altogether.

Liberal men, humane men, ceased to be interested in ameliorating the conditions of war, and sought instead to destroy it. Throwing aside all the lessons of experience, they endeavored to abolish conflict between peoples while the basic causes for conflict still existed; they sought to change the nature of man's collective relationships without having the power to alter the nature of man himself. Disarmament and the outlawry of war became their shibboleths.

Embittered perhaps by the failure to abolish war, shocked by the brutality with which certain nations sought their ends by naked force, many of those who labor earnestly in the cause of peace have fallen into the habit of speaking of future wars as "totalitarian" in nature, unruléd by any law save that of the fang and the claw. Yet surely if so dreadful a state of affairs can be avoided, the effort is worth the making, is worth at least as much attention and trial as have been given to the abortive attempt to abolish war altogether. The next best thing to the abolition of war is its amelioration, especially in the interests of the non-combatants.

One of the principal causes of the cynical view now taken of the future of war is the coming of air power, giving new range, new scope to military operations and bringing within the once circumscribed boundaries of the "theatre of operations" every part of the belligerent countries within the increasing radius of hostile aircraft.

The employment of bombardment aviation against enemy "centers of population"—that is, great cities—was deliberately advocated by the Italian General Douhet, to whose memory a monument has just been unveiled in the Italian Air School, and whose views have had great influence on European air staffs. The theory has been tried out in practice in Ethiopia, Spain and China. It has not proved successful in the sense that Douhet foresaw for it—that is, in breaking the will to fight of the whole population of the enemy country and bringing them to cringing submission. Yet it may be claimed with some degree of justice that in none of the theatres where the method has been employed have conditions been similar to those which would obtain in a clash between two great European powers, each possessing a large, modern, thoroughly equipped air force and each with its great cities within comfortable bombing range of its opponent's air bases. The horror that might result were this method of warfare to be put into practice under such conditions beggars the powers of the imagination; especially were the Douhet theory to be fully tested, as its originator planned, by the use of successive waves of bombers:

the first carrying high explosive bombs for destructive effect, the second incendiary bombs to set fire to the wreckage and the third poison-gas bombs to slaughter the fleeing, homeless crowds.

Yet it is the considered opinion of many military observers—including the writer—that such methods will not win a war. They will not produce a military effect comparable to the expenditures of time, effort and equipment. Their moral effect will be to rouse a spirit of vengeance and they will prove a boomerang.

It may be said of the rules of warfare as they existed in 1914 that they were of equal advantage to all possible belligerents. It is, for example, quite as much to the advantage of one side as the other that the wounded should be properly cared for and that it should be possible to leave medical personnel behind, in case of a retirement, to look after the wounded without exposing such medical personnel to capture as prisoners of war. In a war of any consequence, there will be such retirements by both sides.

But the prohibition of the ruthless use of the air weapon may seem a decided disadvantage to nations such as Soviet Russia, whose vital centers are far out of reach of hostile bombers, while from frontier airports Russian planes can reach the vital centers of possible enemy states; indeed it is difficult to see how Russia could, as she has repeatedly pledged herself to do, come to the assistance of Czechoslovakia if the latter were attacked by Germany, save by the use of her huge air force. On the other hand it is to be remembered that the Soviet Union has been in the forefront of the various moves that have been made to restrict the use of bombing planes; and since no government acts, or can be expected to act, with entirely utopian motives in these matters (one recalls Britain's eager willingness to abandon the submarine and Japan's touching appeal for the abolition of battleships and aircraft carriers) the reason for the Soviet attitude is perhaps to be found at least partly in the unquestionable fact that restrictions on air bombing would react most unfavorably of all upon Germany and Italy, her potential enemies. The "axis" states, whose financial and economic structures cannot support the strain of a long war, must, if they are to win, win quickly, taking all advantage of surprise and ruthlessness. Conversely, bombing restrictions would be a tremendous advantage in particular to Great Britain, because of the exposed position of the city of London, and because, the less she has to fear from air attack, the stronger proportionately becomes the weight in European scales of her preponderant sea-power.

Therefore it may well be that any proposition for an international conference looking to the placing of checks upon the use of bombing planes would meet with much opposition. Just as the disarmament conferences were used for the seeking of partisan advan-

tage by all concerned, with the exception, on the whole, of the United States, so the cry would be raised that the proposal for air restrictions was for the partisan advantage of Britain. And yet that is a short-sighted view. For granting that the resistance of a mighty nation is not going to be overcome at the first blow, the immediate consequence of that blow is going to be wholehearted and bloody reprisal. The "interceptor" planes will not have time to reach their fighting heights in the short interval between the time the bombers are signaled and the beginning of the bombing attack. Hence the British, for example, are now putting the bulk of their air effort into creating new bombing squadrons—the instruments of reprisal; and for the defense of London they are building up new battalions of anti-aircraft guns, searchlights, balloon barrages and other means of defense from the ground.

It follows from all this that the restriction of aerial bombing to military objectives is a matter in which every European has a direct personal stake: and as in Europe today, so perhaps in America tomorrow, as the range of aircraft increases. But here there arises a new difficulty—the difficulty of defining the term "military objective." Is a troop train full of soldiers a proper military objective? Surely. Yet suppose the troop train is standing in Waterloo Station, jammed with hurrying humanity? Is an aircraft factory, busily turning out bombing planes, a proper military objective? Undoubtedly, if it is located on some remote hillside. But suppose it is in the heart of the city of Paris, with tenements all about it full of women and children? Are the docks of London, the blast furnaces of the Rhineland, the arsenals of Turin proper military objectives? They all contribute, and contribute directly, to the military efficiency and ability to wage war of the countries to which they belong. Yet they cannot be attacked from the air—in the present state of bombing accuracy—without wholesale slaughter.

Another knotty question to be unraveled will be the matter of "undeclared" wars. It is probable that the conference would have to take into account *all* use of bombing planes in every sort of hostilities, whether denominated as war, as an "incident," as a "colonial expedition," or by some other innocuous name. The British government has unofficially indicated its willingness to abandon the use of bombers in such troubled areas as the Northwest Frontier of India, if agreement can be had restricting their use in other localities and under other circumstances.

I do not propose to examine in detail the possible restrictions which might be actually agreed upon; the entire matter requires the most careful and considered attention of many minds, working in full coöperation.

And let it not be said, in a spirit of cynicism, that it is useless to sign another pact, another pledge to be treated as a scrap of paper. The laws of war in 1914

were not so treated. They were, in general, more honored in the observance than in the breach.

It is not claimed for municipal law that it prevents illegal conduct, merely that it defines it, and lays the lawbreaker open to penalties, which may or may not be enforced according to the ability of the police to catch him, of the prosecutor to convict him, and even of the state of public opinion to support the process of arrest, trial and conviction.

It is true that the most immediate form of penalty for the breaker of the new code would be in the form of reprisal by his enemies; and in this fact lies the germ of a breakdown of the whole system. Yet in actual practice this has not been true of the other laws of war. There have been violations, and there have been reprisals; but the system has not been broken down, the laws in general have been observed.

Humanity has everything to gain and nothing to lose by such an attempt. And in the long view, each individual nation of the world has everything to gain and nothing to lose from the prospect of success in limiting the impact of war upon the innocent, the aged and the helpless members of its population.

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

Planning by the States

SIX YEARS AGO there existed in the United States but a small handful of agencies devoted to the job of planning the physical growth of America's communities along lines dictated by a study of the natural, social and economic factors likely to influence such growth. Of these, the best known—such as the Regional Plan for New York and its Environs—were of an entirely unofficial character.

Today, many states have state-planning agencies functioning under state-planning laws and nearly all the others are engaged in planning by authority of their several Governors.

This looks like a record of tremendous progress!

As a matter of fact, however, the whole state-planning movement represents but a surface ripple across the waters of public interest. It in no sense bespeaks a great popular surge towards social and economic planning. And the work being undertaken in its name attacks but one small segment of the problem.

State planning, as it now exists, is exclusively the child of the National Planning Board, now the National Resources Committee. This body, created to advise the administrator of the PWA in the preparation of the works program called for by the National Recovery Act, found its work considerably handicapped by the absence of coöperating agencies in the various states. Consequently, in December, 1933, it offered the forty-eight Governors the services of federal-paid planning consultants on condition that the Governors would, in

return, make certain commitments furthering the planning movement. Of these, the more important were: Appointment of a state-planning board to serve without pay; sponsorship of state legislation creating a permanent state-planning agency; provision of working space and staff workers (these, it was suggested, might well come from the relief rolls); participation in planning activities for the region in which the state was situated.

In addition, a general program of study was suggested and a preliminary report on existing conditions called for within six months.

The response to this invitation was prompt and widespread. Within sixty days, thirty-seven Governors had taken action leading to participation in the planning program and federal consultants were actually at work in nineteen states. By the end of 1934, reports and studies were coming in from forty-one states. Today, you will find in the library of the National Resources Committee a collection of over four hundred surveys representing the preliminary planning investigations undertaken.

This material has been assembled pretty much in accordance with the suggestions advanced in the initial memorandum issued by the National Planning Board. Its program urged immediate action in three fields—a comprehensive study of land utilization, an analysis of transportation problems and the preparation of a public-works program. In addition, it recommended studies in water resources, mineral resources, housing, industrial and occupational developments, recreational facilities, the educational plant, governmental reorganization and, underlying all, population trends.

The fact that so many of the reports submitted succeed not only in covering such a list of topics, but also in showing their relation one to another gives to the basic survey work so far accomplished a very considerable value as research material. Many of these data have never before been gathered or computed. Even if state planning fails, the effort will not have been in vain—as a result we do possess a far more comprehensive and far better organized collection of basic physical, social and economic data about the average American state than we have ever had before.

However, all this isn't state planning.

State planning, if it means anything, must mean the utilization of all this material in the formulation of a development program for the future and the enforcement of such a program once it has been formulated.

It is at this point that the picture begins to blur. An examination of the legislation sponsored by the various Governors in accordance with their original commitments indicates, in general, a pretty weak compromise with the principles upon which a genuine planning policy must stand.

Practically all the state-planning laws now in effect follow the same general line of thought. They provide

for a board, empower it to accept funds from agencies of the United States government, authorize it to make research studies and to prepare and adopt an official master plan for the state. They give it a nice wide scope, too—including within the board's province such matters as major transportation ways, recreational areas, power-transmission systems, land utilization, sanitary systems, location of state properties and all other projects of more than strictly local importance.

The usual state-planning law is a pretty impressive document—until you come to enforcement and funds. The National Resources Commission has taken the attitude—and apparently in all sincerity—that state-planning bodies are going to prove great agencies for the public good simply through the soundness of their advice. It has never insisted upon strong enforcement clauses in the legislation enacted at its behest. Nor have the state authorities shown any particular anxiety to make planning an authoritative function.

The customary stipulation found in current planning laws boils down to this. Following adoption of the master plan by the state board, all departmental projects involving land purchase or location of state properties must be submitted to the board for its approval. But the withholding of such approval doesn't mean anything. The project may be continued just the same. The head of the department involved simply writes out and files as a matter of public record his reasons for disregarding the board, and goes on his way. It is obvious that the deterrent effect of this requirement is practically nil.

It is quickly apparent that the average state-planning board does not possess—and is not intended to possess—any genuine authority.

Nor is its budget any too secure. Most states have been using federal relief money for the survey and research work so far accomplished. Provisions for appropriations from state funds are, in a majority of the laws examined, pretty ambiguous. And federal funds may not continue forever.

State planning represents a first tentative step up a steep and difficult road. It may go forward. But it won't—unless definite provision is made for carrying out the plans created in its name. It is not enough to collect libraries of useful and interesting information. It is not enough to draw up forecasts of future trends and requirements. It is not enough to prepare elaborate maps showing where agriculture ought to be abandoned and industry ought to be encouraged and highways laid out and parks established.

Plans are not ends in themselves. To mean anything they must be followed. If we really want planning in this country we must face the fact that the power to plan must carry with it the power to enforce. Otherwise planning—as a serious function of government—is so much mummery.

RALPH BOLTON COONEY

Spain in War

II: *Parties and Leaders*

WHEN THE REBELLION BROKE OUT in July, 1936, the Communists were a five-percent fraction of the Frente Popular; in Catalonia, they scarcely existed. Until September, 1936, the government (Left Republican under Giral and with neither Communist nor Socialist members) appealed in vain to their natural democratic ally, France, to accord Spain the legal right to buy arms (and to have arms already bought delivered). During this interim, Russia wavered. It is an open secret that Stalin considered Spain a bad risk, that the French Communist Party advised Léon Blum to "go slow," and that Dimitroff, head of the Comintern, had to fight for Spain's cause in the Kremlin. He won in October. From then until the present, Russia has been the only major power to help Spain. She has been paid for every tank, gun, plane, in good Spanish gold; she has been paid also in popular gratitude and political prestige.

This is the first cause of Communist influence in Spain; and the complaint about it in French and British government circles is one of those details of humor, like the Non-Intervention Committee, which every great human tragedy requires. If France, Britain or the United States changes its policy today so that Spain may purchase what she needs in those natural markets, Russia's influence will at once be counteracted. But there are other causes.

Spain has no tradition of social order outside the Catholic Church: the rich inward life of her individuals in farm and village has kept them from evolving a national discipline; her prevalent economy of agriculture and small industry has not prepared her for problems of modern organization. The CP is a matter of discipline, of social order and of the technique of organization. The life of Spain for centuries has been one of national inaction. The CP is an army of action, and a teacher of action. That minority of Spaniards in whom there was the latent gift for order, for command, for the military and bureaucratic action that Spain needs in her war against her own army and half of Europe, inevitably were attracted to the party where these virtues were understood; the party which (unlike the liberal, Syndicalist and Anarchist groups) had behind it the force of a great nation—the one nation (except Mexico) willing to help Spain.

It is therefore not surprising that the CP, although outnumbered by liberals, Socialists and Syndicalists, is strong today in Spain; strong in office and police control behind the lines and strong at the front. Many of the younger brilliant soldiers (none of them much over

thirty) who have sprung from the ranks to lead the new army of the republic are devoted Communists. Let me briefly describe three.

Enrique Lister, the most famous of them all, was a stone mason from Galicia who knew the inside of political prisons under the monarchy. He is the type of *caudillo* who rose against Napoleon: a big, bluff, dynamic fellow, tender and ruthless with his men, fearless in battle, jovial at table. I ate with him behind the lines of Tortosa with a staff (officers and men) from every province of Spain. His wife was paying him a surprise visit (he had rescued her at Teruel) and she sat with us, while outside the little farmhouse Spain's spring generously flowered and the shells crashed over the town that lies like a rotted corpse beside the Ebro. Lister's face, carved in stone, is that of a huge competent child: the lips are sensual, the eyes keenly cold. We dined well (the best meals I had in Spain were at the front) and the wine was mellow. For dessert, we had hazel nuts, *avellanas*, and when I tried to crack them with the butt of a knife they rolled away. Lister at my side half emptied the dish in one handful, and while he went on with his description of the battle of Guadalajara, he cracked the nuts, methodical, precise, never missing.

Del Barrio, whom I found near Lérida, has nothing of the *caudillo*. In Lister I felt the animal health and grace of Spain, the primitive root; in this quiet, studious, sensitive metal worker, I felt Spain's age-old culture, which has always expressed itself less in the great arts than in the humble fellowship of men and women. In Modesto (Juan Modesto Guilloto, today the commander of the entire army of the East) lives the synthesis of the traits of Del Barrio and Lister. Modesto comes from a village near Cádiz where he went to school with Rafael Alberti. Alberti became a famous poet, Modesto a carpenter. The carpenter has a good mind; the great moral reserve I sensed in him derives from his extraordinary capacity for intellectual detachment. In the room where we talked hung a huge map of Spain and as he mentioned point and detail his hand moved about the map, touching there Spain's failures and promises as if the land lay whole in his grasp. Half of an ear shot away by a Fascist bullet gives to Modesto's sad and meditative face a touch of terror. And the man smiled only when a friend of both of us, Arturo Serrano Plaja, a poet of great talent who had been wounded in Aragon, came into the room.

The war, of course, is in command in Spain; and the CP is built for war, from top to bottom. But to believe

on this account that communism of today's type can conquer Spain is to ignore Spain's millennial culture. The Spaniard—worker, peasant, mother—is a true individualist (unlike the American): one, that is, with a profound sense of the *cosmic* value of the person. That is why the Spaniards were able under old agrarian conditions of dearth to get along without equality but have ever prized and retained that liberty which is an inner virtue. The CP will contribute needed elements to the future of Spain. But its present ideological traits: hybrid birth of eighteenth-century French rationalism, nineteenth-century German dialectics, and the mass mysticism and war psychology of the Russians who demand equality and ignore the meanings of liberty, will never rule in Spain.

No one is learning more quickly what the CP has to teach than the various liberal-Anarcho-Syndicalist elements of the CNT, who with the Right Socialists dominate the industries. The UGT (Socialist) has joined the Comintern. Its secretary, González Peña, a miner condemned to death in the Asturian revolt, is today Minister of Justice. He is a man whose heavy, slow body seems to express the dolor of his people and to have risen from it, methodical, modest, sure, lifting his people with him. He has none of the brilliant and intuitive traits of Rodríguez Vaquez, the young secretary of the CNT. Like most of the Anarcho-Syndicalist leaders, Vaquez makes you think of a poet in some dark Greenwich Village: a good poet sobered and matured by the sudden transformation of his dreams into the stuff of action. He is a Catalan of Castilian descent (a common occurrence), and his pure Castilian features are subtly mobile. He smiled when I mentioned the growing Communist influence; like almost every non-Communist with whom I spoke, Vaquez was grateful for what the CP had brought and certain the CP could be handled when the war is over. The Anarcho-Syndicalist theory of the POUM uprising in May, 1937, may prove of interest, and I give it, without judgment: they claim that the CP provoked the hot-head elements in order to get a pretext for suppressing them. But every FAI and CNT man with whom I spoke agreed that they had to be suppressed, although deploring the CP methods. The truth about this (and about much else in Spain) will have to wait for the historian's more quiet hour. But of this I am sure: the Comintern does not today seek future power in Spain; it seeks to help Spain fight the common enemy, the Fascists. Russia's government, the force behind the Comintern, is not interested in a Spanish social revolution; sincerely it wants what it says it wants: a democratic Spain as the safest bulwark against fascism.

Vaquez explained to me how in 1936 Barcelona dropped into the Anarchists' hands and how of their own accord they at once admitted all parties to a joint control. Things were bad for a while. In Barcelona, Madrid and scores of small towns, irresponsible bands

spread terror. Such elements would rise in any land at such a crisis; but Spain had popularized the flag of "liberty," so the sadists and degenerates who by some mischance had not been recruited by the Fascists ran it up. The chaos finally lessened. But in the meantime, the armies in Aragon had no guns, and (most incredible of all) no retreat trenches and no fortifications were built, which would have saved Lérida and the Valencia road. Slowly, said Vaquez, the war teaches the Anarchists and Syndicalists that discipline and order are prerequisites of liberty. The deepening of their ideology, which still reeks of shallow eighteenth-century rationalism, has yet to be effected; but Spain's genius will do it. Many of these men may be Don Quixote; they will never sacrifice him to Sancho Panza. They learn that the dream of human liberty needs modern methods; but they are resolved (and here they despise the Communists) that the methods shall not destroy the dream.

This is no talk. I have visited factories and even jails run by Anarchists: I saw order and humanity. One large prison in Gerona (I dropped in on the spur of the moment), I found run by an old-time militant who had been selected by the council because: "Pepe," they said, "you've been in jail often enough; you should know what the men and women need." I talked at ease and alone (I had myself locked up) with Fascists, defeatists, profiteers—many of these latter were women. I know schools in England and America where the level of human dignity is far lower than in that jail. And before I left Barcelona I visited some munitions plants with the technical director, Vallejo Isla, an Anarchist. The efficiency was superior to what I saw in Russia in 1931, and the spirit was infinitely better than what I saw in Detroit in 1937.

There are plenty of good moderate republicans left in Spain. For instance, the peasants. Less bourgeois than their brothers, the Radical-Socialists of France, they have taken over the *latifundios* and are producing to the limit of Spain's semi-desert soil. They go in for coöperation on the Danish model, not for collectivization, unlike the muzhiks who, despite their resistance, were prepared by their low culture for Stalin's program. The republicanism of Spain's peasants (their persistent Carlism is about dead, except in Navarre) evolves more naturally toward anarcho-syndicalism. Many a village commune in Aragon, Catalonia and Valencia tried out the dream of Bakunin and Kropotkin in 1937. The dream did not work; but the failure brought a reaction back to republicanism. (Martínez Barrio, the Right-Republican president of the Cortes, is an important man today in Spain.) And in this polarity of anarchism and bourgeoisism which Marx understood and hated (and all the Communists since) I see a sign of Spain's unpredictable future. I expect to find there the evolution of a *liberal-anarchism* which will mature the good industrial points of syndicalism and

at the same time deepen (with Spain's religious genius) the shallow, old-liberal notion of the person.

II

The Republic has had two phases, one of peace, one of war: leaders of the first phase have by the force of events become the rearguard leaders. Take Luis Companys, president of the Catalan Generalitat, popular chief of the bourgeoisie and peasantry of Catalonia. He is a slight, subtle, fragile man with dexterous hands and deep gray emotional eyes. Despite his imprisonment under the monarchy, he made me think of a romantic artist. And he talks so well, his temperament is so lyrical, that I forgot the statesman until he began speaking of the art of leadership and described his remarkable action in July, 1936. With intuitive speed, Companys refused the caution of his advisers and went straight to the headquarters of the Guardia Civil. He won them and they captured Goded, the ablest of the Rebel generals. And that act, together with Goded's radio avowal of his failure, saved Catalonia from chaos and gave Madrid the breathing space to collect forces. With intuitive grace, Companys rides the conflicting elements of his province in war as in peace. Nevertheless, one feels in him the leader of the rearguard: the product of a sweet land that wants to enjoy and that fights today in order to enjoy tomorrow.

The President of the Republic, Manuel Azaña, is one of the few great intellectuals of Spain, a cultural critic and a statesman in terms of a republican-rational peace. "Did you foresee," I asked him, "the rebellion of the army?"

"Yes. But there was no way to smash it *legally* until it came. We hoped we could break it, once it had struck. And we did. What I did not foresee was that officers of Spain, who had been given the free alternative of swearing fealty to the Republic or retiring on a pension, would conspire with Italians and Germans for the conquest of their country."

Keynote of the tragedy of the liberals of Azaña's generation: defense of his land *by other than legal measures* was unthinkable to him. Price of the scruple: a million dead and the land maimed. Azaña believed in the progress of man, implicitly accepting that man is *good*. With the diabolical depths of human nature (those that fascism understands and exploits) he was unable to cope. Against a foe cynically corrupt and ready for all foul means to his foul end, the leader of Azaña's school fights at a tragic disadvantage. And for Azaña today, the war is a nightmare. I found him bowed and old under the burden of his people's suffering. He sat alone in the palace that once belonged to Alphonso XIII, whom he led in casting out of Spain as an unworthy remnant of Spain's past. The frenzy of war now has psychologically cast him out, although the people honor him. Outwardly cold and often called

"heartless" by those who do not know him, Azaña is the tragic liberal man in a world that has burst the confines of his dreams. My heart went to him, the rationalist, patient and humble, at school again to learn the demonic forces of mankind beyond his measure.

In Francisco Largo Caballero, who became Premier and Minister of War two months after the *movimiento*, we find a figure of transition between the two phases. The secretary of the UGT was a left-wing Socialist and a great labor fighter in a time of peace. His first act as war premier was to bring the CNT and the FAI into the government, and then his troubles began. The ruthless, simplified organizing will of war was alien to this stocky blue-eyed worker who began life as a mason. At a long luncheon in the house of Luis Araquistain that lasted the afternoon, he told me the story, as he saw it, of how he was jockeyed out of power. "Why did we carry through that first terrible year? With no army, with nothing? Because of the enthusiasm and energy which our social revolution aroused in the people. True, there was disorder, inefficiency, betrayal. The loss of Málaga is an instance, but not of the betrayal. Nevertheless, the spirit of Spain woke. I could wake it in no other way."

My judgment is that the year of Largo Caballero, true and great proletarian leader with many of the virtues and faults of his people, was a historical necessity to mobilize the depth of Spain. But I think also that the same historical necessity required that he should go—in order that the forces he helped to unleash might be disciplined, yes, and regimented, to the grim tune of war.

Julio Alvarez Del Vayo, in another way, is of both phases: which explains why he alone, who was Foreign Minister under Largo Caballero, has resumed that post with Negrín. He is the son of a general of the old army, a republican general. In July, 1936, although he was a journalist of fame and a man nearer fifty than forty, the instinctive Spaniard spoke in him: he shouldered a gun and marched to the front. His knowledge of international affairs (Geneva, Paris, Russia, America) makes him a good man to talk with the diplomats. But under the suave grace of the European liberal, Del Vayo has an irrational, joyous acceptance of the tragic in life which that liberal intellectual, Azaña, lacks. Closer to the chaos of war, he has not only thrown himself into the battle, like all the Spaniards, but he is at home in it, and knows where he is going. When I talked with him in the quiet of his home, I was in the midst of the battle.

Juan Negrín, once a physician in the Canaries and professor of Physiology in Madrid, is the perfect product of this second phase of the Republic, the grim phase of war. Yet his suave voice, his dark fleshy features, his urbane manners, made me think of the Sheriffs who years ago entertained me in Fez. His eyes, light-gray and remote, revealed the ruthlessness of which all this

gentility was the scabbard. With most of Spain's chiefs I was received not as interviewer but as friend, so that what I heard must for the present be confidential: all I can give here is an impression. Dr. Negrín seemed to me the man of Spain's war will newly emergent after two years of heroic improvisation: a will at last with a method cold, tempered, double-edged as the best Toledo steel. He has a good cultivated mind; I heard him speak excellent French and English and he is fluent also in Italian and German. Yet Negrín is not an intellectual. In the true intellectual, there is a base of questionings, shadings, contradictions. By such dialectics the mind deepens—but the drive of will is slowed. Negrín deploys his mental mobilities merely for the maneuvering of his great fixed purpose. This combination of a single will and a soft velvety manner is almost feline. The logic of Spain's tremendous struggle has, I believe, raised a man to power who knows the ways of the enemy, for whom Fascist devilry is a pathology well studied—a good surgeon who is pre-

pared to open the flesh and cut away the sick tissue.

After a lunch at which he had discussed Spain's international situation with a lack of sentimentalism that shocked and invigorated like a cold bath, I suddenly asked him: "What effect do you think the horrors of war have on the survivors? Do the blood and the bombings toughen the people of Spain, make them less human?"

He pondered long before he replied: "Our people are being purified by this war because it is a just war. The excesses of the first months cannot come again. The struggle has brought to the survivors a new tenderness, a new reverence for life."

It was the Spaniard speaking; I hope, also, it was the scientist.

WALDO FRANK

This is the second of three articles on the situation in Spain. The third will appear in an early issue. — THE EDITORS

Marx Decides to Change the World¹

THE GREAT TASK of Karl Marx's first period was to engage German philosophical thought in the actualities of contemporary Germany.

The world of German philosophy seems queer to us when we come to it from the French Revolution. The abstractions of the French—whether Liberty, Fraternity and Equality or the Harmonies and Passionate Attractions of Fourier—are social principles which are intended to evoke visions of social and political improvement; but the abstractions of the Germans, by comparison, are like cloudy and amorphous myths, which hang in the gray heavens above the flat land of Königsberg and Berlin, only descending into reality in the role of intervening gods. Marx and Engels were to come to the conclusion that the failure of the German philosophers to supply principles for man as a social being had been due to their actual helplessness under an obsolete feudal regime: as, for example, the "self-determination" of Kant had been the intellectual reflection of the effect of the French Revolution on the minds of the German bourgeoisie, which had the impulse but not yet the power to free itself from the old institutions—so that this "will" remained a "will-in-and-for-itself . . . a purely ideological determination and moral postulate" with no influence on actual society.

Hegel had held that society, "the State," was the

realization of absolute reason, to which the individual must subordinate himself. He afterwards said that what he had meant was the *perfect* state; but his politics and position in his later years gave ground for the assumption that he regarded this perfection as already having been achieved by the contemporary Prussian state of Friedrich Wilhelm III. Society had ceased to develop, was consummated and petrified in a mold. Yet at the same time this consummated state was still itself merely a mystical entity in the shadowland of German idealism, for it was conceived as merely a product and aspect of a primordial divine "Idea," which realized itself through reason. The king, who had thus been supplied with a Divine Right and had the permanence of his office guaranteed in terms of the most advanced thinking, patronized and promoted the Hegelians: they had become pillars of the administration.

Yet there was a revolutionary principle in Hegel, who had been swept up in his early years, before he had stiffened into a Prussian professor, by the surge of the French Revolution. He had reviewed the whole of history as he knew it and he had shown the organic processes, recurrent and ineluctable, by which old societies turn into new. Why, then, should these processes be suddenly arrested? The Revolution of 1830 in France had provoked agitation in Germany. This had been put down and had been followed by a reaction, of which one of the features had been an attempt to revive orthodox religion. A new school of Hegelians appeared, who used Hegelianism to liquidate Christianity. In 1835, David Friedrich Strauss published his

¹ This is the second of a series of articles by Edmund Wilson dealing with the early days of Marx and Engels. They form the second section of a work under the general title, "To the Finland Station," from which earlier selections, dealing with the development of the idea of socialism at the time of the French Revolution, were published in *The New Republic* some time ago. — THE EDITORS

"Life of Jesus." It had been one of the achievements of Hegel to direct the attention of the Germans to the development of human institutions as special expressions of the genius of various peoples. D. F. Strauss, even in asserting like Hegel that Christianity represented ideal truth, shocked Germany with the contention that the Gospels were not historical documents at all but only myths, that, though they could be traced back to an authentic germ of fact, they had largely been created unconsciously by a communal imagination which had flowed through the minds of the early Christians, continually elaborated and nourished on the way. Bruno Bauer, in criticisms of the Gospels published in 1840 and 1841, tried to clear away this mythopoeic possession, itself something in the nature of a myth, by examining the New Testament documents as the products of specific human hands and concluding that the whole thing was a forgery, known and intended as a fraud by its first perpetrator: Jesus had never existed. Bauer had thus got rid of Christianity but, Hegelian as he still remained, later elaborated a doctrine of "self-consciousness," which, denying the existence of matter as a reality distinct from spirit, left humanity still disembodied, still suspended in the philosophic void.

Karl Marx, a young student at Berlin, had been admitted in 1837 to a Doktorklub of which Bauer was a member and in which a "Young Hegelian" movement arose. Marx had succumbed to the Hegelian philosophy, which was still the most powerful system of thought in Germany, but almost immediately commenced to resist it. The decide principle in Marx rebelled against the Absolute Idea. "Philosophy makes no secret of the fact," he wrote in a doctor's thesis which is nevertheless full of Hegelian method: "Her creed is the creed of Prometheus—'In a word, I detest all the gods.' This is her device against all deities of heaven or earth who do not recognize as the highest divinity the human self-consciousness itself." Nor, as we shall see, was this human self-consciousness to be merely a universal abstraction like the self-consciousness of Bruno Bauer.

Bauer himself was by this time a professor at Bonn, and he had promised Marx to get him a post there. Marx had counted on joining him; they had collaborated on a satire against pious Hegelians, talked about publishing an *Atheist Review*. But in the meanwhile, by the time Marx had graduated, Bruno Bauer was already getting into trouble for his anti-religious and pro-constitutional activities; and he was dismissed from his chair the next spring. The possibility that the greatest philosopher of the new German generation—of whom it had already been predicted by a contemporary that, as soon as he should make an appearance in a lecture room, he would draw upon him the eyes of all Germany—the possibility that the young Dr. Marx

might follow the example of his great predecessors, Kant and Fichte and Hegel, and expound his system from an academic pulpit, was thereby destroyed forever.

The accession in 1840 of Friedrich Wilhelm IV, of whom liberal reforms had been expected, had brought only a new feudal reaction. From that point on, the necessity for political action became continually more urgent for Germans. In the fourth decade of the nineteenth century, they had no parliament, no trial by jury, no rights of free speech or assembly; and the new king, with his royal romanticism that idealized the Middle Ages, made it quite plain that he would give them none of these things. In the meantime the doctrines of the utopian socialists had come to trouble German philosophy and politics. They leaked over first from their sources in France into the Rhineland, already partly Gallicized, where they found for other reasons also a particularly favorable field. The wine-growing peasants of the Moselle were being impoverished, since Prussia's customs union with Hesse, by the competition of the wine industry outside; and they had still some remnants from the Middle Ages of the communal ownership of land. Saint-Simonism spread so rapidly along the Moselle that the archbishop had to denounce it as a heresy; and in 1835 a German named Ludwig Gall published in Trier a socialist pamphlet in which he declared that the propertied class and the laboring class had directly conflicting interests. Heinrich Marx had in 1834 taken a leading part in political banquets at which the demand for a real parliament had been pressed and at which the "Marseillaise" had been sung, but of which the Trier papers had been forbidden to publish any report and which had been rebuked by the Crown Prince himself, with the result that the club in which they had been held had been put under the supervision of the police.

Karl Marx in the first months of 1842 wrote an article on the new Prussian censorship in which we see him for the first time at his best: here the implacable logic and crushing wit are trained full on Marx's life-long enemies: the deniers to human beings of human rights. The censor himself, it is true, blocked the publication of the article in Germany, and it was only printed a year later in Switzerland. But the new note has already been sounded which, long muffled by suppression or boycott as now, will yet gradually pierce with its tough metallic timbre through all the tissues of ideas of the West.

Marx now begins to write for the *Rheinische Zeitung*, a liberal newspaper published in Cologne, the center of the industrialized Rhineland, and supported by the wealthy manufacturers and merchants who found their ideas and their railroads obstructed by the old Catholic society. It was written by the young intelligentsia; and Karl Marx became editor-in-chief in October, 1842.

Marx's work for the *Rheinische Zeitung* brought him up for the first time against problems for which, as he said, Hegel had not provided him with the solution. In commenting on the proceedings of the Rhenish Diet which Friedrich Wilhelm IV had convened, he had had to deal with the debate on a bill for punishing the picking up of wood in forests, and it had been plain to him that the new government was attempting to deprive the peasants of even those communal privileges which had remained with them from the Middle Ages. By a first stroke of that irony of "fetishes" which was afterwards to play so important a part in his work, he pointed out that the trees had been given rights, to which the rights of the people were being sacrificed; and through arguments of a semi-scholastic subtlety he proved that an administration which made no distinction between wood-gathering and common theft as offenses against private property were inviting the persons they prosecuted so unfairly to disregard the distinction between the offense against property involved in common theft and the offense against property involved in owning a great deal of property and preventing other people from having any. The subject leads for Marx at twenty-four to a passage of exhilarating eloquence, in which he declares that the code of the feudal world has no relation to general human justice but has perpetuated itself from a time when men were essentially animals and simply guarantees their right to eat one another up—with the exception that among the bees, at least it was the workers that killed the drones and not the drones that killed the workers. Later, people began writing to the paper about the misery of the wine-growers on the Moselle. Marx investigated, discovered that conditions were bad and got into a controversy with the governor of the Rhine Province. In the meantime the *Rheinische Zeitung* had become involved in polemics with a rival conservative paper, which had accused it of communist tendencies. Karl Marx knew very little about communism; but he decided to study the subject forthwith.

The *Rheinische Zeitung*, under Marx's direction, lasted five months. It was suppressed at the insistence of the Ambassador to Russia for criticizing the government of the Tsar.

It seems always to have been with something of relief that Karl Marx turned away from politics and devoted himself to research and the following-out of large unifying ideas. The atmosphere, he said, had got too stifling. "It is bad to work for freedom in servitude and to fight with pins instead of clubs. I am sick of the hypocrisy, the stupidity, the brutal authority, and of our cringing and complying and quibbling and tergiversation. And now the government has given me back my freedom." In the same letter to a friend, he continues that he has now fallen out with his family,

he has no claims on his father's estate while his mother is still alive. But he was engaged to Jenny von Westphalen and neither could nor would leave Germany without his bride. "There is in Germany no possible further career for me. One debases one's value here."

Before he leaves the Fatherland, however, he sets himself to grapple with Hegel, whose idealism has dominated his mind hitherto. It will be better to leave the discussion of Marx's political thought as it splits off from Hegel's philosophy of law, till after the beginning of his collaboration with Engels; but we may anticipate a few years in order to indicate how he eventually threw out a bridge—reversing the procedure in "The Rhinegold," where the gods cross the rainbow to Valhalla, leaving behind them the harsh scene of human greed—from the self of German idealistic philosophy, which could never really know the outside world, to the landowners of the Rhenish Diet tightening their halters around the necks of the peasants—and Marx himself excluded from the lecture room, forbidden to express himself in print.

There had been, besides Strauss and Bauer, a third critic of religion named Ludwig Feuerbach, who had made a great impression on Marx's generation in 1841 by a book called "The Essence of Christianity." Hegel's Absolute Idea, said Feuerbach, which was supposed to have incorporated itself in matter for the purpose of realizing reason, had been a gratuitous presupposition which Hegel was unable to prove. What the Absolute Idea really was, was a substitute for the Word Become Flesh; and actually Hegel was merely the last of the great apologists for Christianity. Let us forget about the Absolute Idea; let us start an investigation with man and the world as we find them. When we do so, it becomes perfectly obvious that the legends and the rituals of religion are merely the expressions of human minds.

Feuerbach succeeded in dragging religion down out of the communal imagination of Strauss, in rescuing the ethical instinct from the pure self-consciousness into which it had rebounded with Bruno Bauer after he had rejected its Scriptural sanctions, and in tying both religion and morality inescapably to the habits of men. But he still believes in the permanent necessity for religion. He tries himself to produce a substitute religion, a religion of love based on sex and friendship. And he imagines an abstract humanity endowed with a common reason.

It now presented itself to Marx as his further task to get rid of religion altogether and to put the emotions, the moralities, of man into relation with the vicissitudes of society. It was also his role to convert the "Will" of German philosophy, which had been "a purely ideological postulate" and which even Fichte, though he had contemplated it in action, had not assumed to be necessarily successful but had regarded as an end in itself—Marx's role was to convert

this abstraction into a force in the practical world.

In a remarkable set of notes on Feuerbach which he wrote down in 1845, he asserted that the defect of all previous materialisms had been their representing external objects only as acting upon the mind, which remained passive, while the defect of idealism had been that what it perceived could not act upon the world. The truth was that the reality or unreality of thought except as thought enters into action was a purely academic question: all that we can know that we know is our own action in relation to the external world. On this external world we seek to act: when we find that we succeed in transforming it, we know that our conceptions are correct.

Utopians like Robert Owen had believed that a different education would produce a different kind of human beings. But this utopian was in reality a materialist; and he could not explain how he himself, who was presumably the product of antecedent conditions, had come to be differentiated in such a way as to be in a position to educate others. Were there then two kinds of human beings? No: there was a dynamic principle at work in the whole of human activity. How else could one explain the coincidence between the changes in things which we perceive and our purposive human effort?

Feuerbach had imagined an abstract man with ab-

stract religious feelings; but in reality man was always social, and his religious feelings, like all his other feelings, were related to his environment and time. The problems which had given rise to the supernatural conceptions of religion were actually practical problems, which could only be solved by man's action in transforming the practical world.

As for traditional materialism, its conceptions were equally non-social: it contemplated human beings only as separate individuals who went to make up a "civic" association. The new materialism proposed by Marx was to look at mankind from the more organic point of view of "human society or of socialized humanity."

I have given my own paraphrase of this document, which has inspired so much controversy and commentary; I have not analyzed it or criticized its assumptions. It is true, as Max Eastman says, that Marx never really developed this philosophy. It was the eve of 1848, and he was impatient to put behind him the old kind of philosophical discussion and to be about his revolutionary business: he gave the matter only just enough thought to sketch a position which would bring him into action. He compresses the whole situation into the two lines of the last of his notes: "The philosophers hitherto have only interpreted the world in various ways: the thing is, however, to change it."

EDMUND WILSON

Silence in Mallorca

I

Our stony island, Spain's laconic child,
Quiet. Nada. Cover the glowing spark.
Hush all the jotás and hush hush the wild

Arabian cries. Now in Europe's dark
Whisper weep secretly plot but never sing.
On cliffs against the sky moves the new mark

Shape of the plane the loathed imperial thing
The hawk from Italy, the spy of black.
Ground where we labor darkens with its wing.

A few shot first. Then nothing. Then the attack:
Terror of the invader. Puff of shells,
And Juan our best man ambushed in the back.

Hide hide in the caves, listen in the dry wells . . .
Clang—the obedient treachery of church bells.

II

They shot the mayor of Inca. They jailed
The poor the free the poor the free the brave.
Out of the puerta when the felucca sailed

Planes roared and swooped and shot them on the wave.
Our people serve the invader and his gun.
Our people, Spain. Slow tempo of the slave.

We are cut off. Africa's blazing sun

Knew these same planes that now around us prey.
And Barcelona suffers. Is there no one

To save us but ourselves? From far away
After victorious battle. . . . Cry, we cry
Brothers, Comrades, help us. Where are they?

Our island lying open to the sky.
Mallorca, the first to fall, the last to die.

III

O wild west wind. . . . Liberty's open roar,
Blow on this island, blow the ocean clean,
Drown our tormentors, blow equinox, blow war

Away from the world. Drive to us the unseen
Battalions, clouds of planes by workers flown,
Give us our land again, quiet and green,

Our children singing and our land, our own
Ways, our wives, our delegates. Blow here.
The indifferent sea washes the beach of stone.

And Mediterranean silence, primitive fear
Steps in the foot of Thomas: the new slave.
Moves in the hovering hawk, spiraling near.

We bend, we work—this island inferno and grave.
Come with the wind of your wings. And save.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

Shoot the Works

Shades of Thomas Jefferson

THE D. A. R. and the American Legion give prizes to foster and promote the study of American history. I think that one or both these organizations should award a wreath of laurel to Earl Browder because of his efforts to popularize an interest in the ideals of the founding fathers. In order to ward off any potential attack of apoplexy I hasten to add that I am not advancing this wholly as a serious suggestion. On numerous occasions I have offered excellent advice to the Legion and the Daughters but practically none of it has been accepted.

Nevertheless, I am somewhat surprised to note the extreme anger with which "patriotic organizations" and publishers greet Mr. Browder's pious excursions to the tomb of his ancestors. The suggestion to the young that they look deeply into their history books should be welcomed whether it comes from Conservative or Communist. It is inevitable and legitimate enough that there should be sharp and spirited joshing about the recent radical discovery that "Communism is twentieth-century Americanism." It is quite true that in days gone by the spokesmen of the Left referred scornfully to certain dead heroes whom revolutionists now delight to honor. Even a change in party line can hardly swing far enough to let George Washington qualify as a fellow traveler.

But Jefferson is different. Since men of every other shade of political opinion have claimed him as their own, I see no reason why the Communists should not make the attempt to press a red card upon the sage of Monticello. Rollin Kirby recently had a cartoon in *The New York World-Telegram* in which he pictured Browder striking a patriotic pose and the caption ran "Unmitigated Gall." But how about the recent effort of John D. M. Hamilton to identify Jefferson as the spiritual godfather of the Republican right wing? This occurred during a lively debate in which Senator Pepper of Florida was dogmatic in asserting that beyond question Thomas Jefferson would have been a Franklin D. Roosevelt man.

I don't think that Hamilton's claim has much substance, because the author of the Declaration of Independence was quite obviously well to the left of almost all his associates. The lag between the Declaration and the Constitution shows that. To be sure, the first paper was signed by men who were risking their necks in an existing revolution. It was not a blueprint. When the war was won many a fire-eater was among the first to say, "Come on now, boys, let's keep our feet on the ground." The Constitution was in fact a compromise document and there were those who thought it too conservative as well as those who found it visionary. But I do not think that radicals can find much comfort in its clauses. I see no hint in any section that there was a single delegate who was minded to question the eternal validity of private ownership.

Jefferson, to be sure, was not there, but in spite of certain thundering phrases in the Declaration it would be stretching things a great deal to say that he was at any

time during his life a collectivist. Still Browder, or any other exponent of radicalism, would not be out of the running in a claiming race for the benediction of a reincarnated Jefferson. By a curious twist of history Thomas Jefferson was the only American of prominence who saw two great revolutions. And seemingly he found them both good. He was in Paris as our ambassador from 1784 to 1790 and he actually witnessed the beginning of the French Revolution. Before the tumbrils started to roll Jefferson was home again, but he did not leave France until after acts of violence had been committed. There doesn't happen to be a life of Jefferson within easy reach and so I don't know whether our ambassador was a sufficiently alert news-hawk to see with his own eyes the fall of the Bastille on that famous Fourteenth of July. But at any rate he was thereabouts.

And my handy reference book (the one-volume *Columbia Encyclopedia*) after remarking that "Jefferson remained to witness the beginning of the French Revolution in 1789," adds, "His sympathy for the French people and their struggles was always strong."

It could hardly have been otherwise, for Thomas Jefferson was tied into the movement. Rousseau's influence upon the French upheaval was both direct and indirect. His writings influenced Jefferson and in turn the Declaration of Independence set the pattern for the Declaration of the Rights of Man. By social background and economic tradition Jefferson was hardly moved toward radicalism or even liberalism. But in his own day in national affairs he was, according to the familiar current phrase, "a traitor to his class."

What would have happened if Jefferson had lived long enough, or had come back again, to read Karl Marx? Who knows? I don't. I'm somewhat handicapped by the fact that all I know about Marxism is contained in a book I skimmed through some years ago called "The Essentials of Marx," edited by Algernon Lee. And now I hear that it isn't orthodox.

I am further handicapped by the circumstance that the one-volume encyclopedia to which I referred, has its blind spots. It was very helpful when I was dealing with "Jefferson, Thomas" and "Revolution, French," but on "Marx, Karl," it is wholly inadequate. The father of communism or socialism, as you choose, gets only about three inches of text. In the present edition he gets only about half as much again as "Broun, Heywood Campbell (broon) 1888—" Something ought to be done about this in a retake. I mean Karl Marx ought to get more.

However, even the most erudite radical scholar could hardly say with final certainty whether or not Thomas Jefferson would have taken to Marx. Nevertheless, as a purely sporting proposition, I will lay two to one that Jefferson would go stronger for Marx than for John D. M. Hamilton.

And so I think Earl Browder is not justly accused of "unmitigated gall" if he waves to Monticello and seeks to stir the mighty dead with the cry of "Hey, there, Comrade!" Indeed I think that Browder should have been in the symposium with Pepper and Hamilton. Under that arrangement the gall could have been divided in the traditional manner.

HEYWOOD BROWN

Washington Notes

Labor's Army Makes Contact

THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN this year is the first since labor's new, immense organizing gains. Together with uncles, aunts and cousins, labor potentially controls from a third to a half of the voters. Labor is now making its first essays in mass political strategy. The last few days have brought a crisis in New York, the state in which labor has the strongest unions and the most brilliant leadership. Professional politicians in both Democratic and Republican Parties think that the American Labor Party—a separate New York entity, yet affiliated with the nationwide Labor's Non-Partisan League—has been outmaneuvered. It is worth seeing just what the ALP tried to do, and did.

This is most easily explained by comparing New York with Pennsylvania, where organized labor entered the Democratic primary election two months ago. Fundamentally, the cases are the same. In Pennsylvania, the LNPL, under Mr. John L. Lewis, tried to force the state Democratic Party chiefs to give labor a share of genuine control. Mr. Lewis asked the party chiefs to give proof of their sincerity by accepting Mr. Tom Kennedy, a member of the United Mine Workers, as their candidate for Governor. In New York, the ALP leaders made much the same demand. About ten days ago they offered the Democratic Party heads a list of labor candidates, the two most important of whom were Mr. Sidney Hillman for the United States senatorship and Mr. Joseph D. McGoldrick, New York City's comptroller, for the governorship.

In Pennsylvania, Mr. Lewis' demands were refused by Mr. David Lawrence, Democratic state chairman, and Mr. Lewis thereupon backed Mr. Kennedy in the primary. Mr. Kennedy was defeated. But political experts almost unanimously think that Mr. Lewis' attempt, although it ended in failure, was made with sounder technique than that now being displayed by the New York ALP, and that labor in Pennsylvania has been left in a potentially stronger position than it is likely to have in New York.

Mr. Lewis can claim credit for anticipating, months ahead of time, that he would eventually have to face a show-down with the conservative elements in the Pennsylvania Democratic Party. Mr. Kennedy already held the lieutenant-governorship, and Mr. Lewis and the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee leaders deliberately set about building up support for him among Democratic machine workers. Moreover, Mr. Lewis personally obtained the loyalty of one of the most powerful machine leaders, Senator Guffey. Thus in the primary battle, Mr. Lewis was able to split the state organization wide apart. As a result of the primary campaign, there now exists integrally within the framework of the state Democratic Party an insurgent bloc of politicians loyal to the Lewis-Guffey cause. Unless the conservative faction makes worth-while concessions to Mr. Lewis, this insurgent bloc will hold its lines until the primaries two years from now, when it can renew its fight with an excellent chance of victory.

The ALP leadership failed to make comparable prepara-

tions. It did not begin, months ago, to put forward candidates and obtain machine support for them. The initiative was, in fact, taken last December by Mr. Roosevelt's fire-side advisers, who proposed Mr. Robert H. Jackson, the present United States Solicitor-General, for Governor. The ALP leaders were friendly to Mr. Jackson, but did not exert themselves in his behalf. The Jackson boom accordingly sputtered feebly, and apparently died out. A few weeks ago the ALP leaders adopted Mr. Charles Poletti, youthful New York justice, as their spokesman in the New York State constitutional convention which is now in session. That was a good beginning toward lifting Mr. Poletti to the status of a labor candidate, but it should have been made earlier.

Following the death of Senator Copeland in June, Governor Lehman announced himself as a candidate for Mr. Copeland's seat. This meant that Mr. Lehman and the relatively conservative Democratic elements about him meant to continue their undivided control of the state machine. It was suddenly necessary for the ALP to jump forward with its candidates. Mr. Hillman is, of course, one of the most useful citizens in the nation, but no preparatory work had been done among Democratic politicians in his behalf. Mr. McGoldrick was decided on so hurriedly that he was not even notified before his name was published. The ALP had no powerful ally, like Senator Guffey, within the Democratic ranks. Senator Wagner, with whom it is perhaps the friendliest, has remained completely neutral. To all appearances, there is no way for the ALP to split the Democratic Party as Mr. Lewis did in Pennsylvania. Mr. Lewis has a foot planted firmly within the Pennsylvania machine; the ALP appeared to have scarcely a fingerhold in New York.

There is a second lesson to be learned from Pennsylvania and New York. Except for the old-line A. F. of L. building unions, substantially all elements of organized labor in Pennsylvania loyally accepted Mr. Lewis' leadership. The mass of labor in Pennsylvania moved as a unit. There were no divided counsels. In New York, however, no sooner had the ALP's secretary, Mr. Alex Rose, put forward labor's tentative ticket—on which Mr. Hillman was entered for Senator Copeland's seat—than he was handed a formal letter from Mr. David Dubinsky, head of the International Ladies' Garment Workers, protesting against the naming of a candidate in opposition to Governor Lehman. Practically, this destroyed Mr. Hillman as a candidate for the senatorship. It showed that Messrs. Rose, Hillman and Dubinsky had not reached a common understanding, and that New York labor could not unite in a critical situation. Such revelations form an immense obstacle to political action.

There are two things that need to be said about the present outcry over alleged politics in the WPA. During the last six months what has appeared to be skullduggery on the part of minor WPA officials has been reported from Kansas City, and from Pennsylvania, Kentucky and Minnesota. What these stories seem to show is that small-fry politicians who formerly worked for county and state machines have been appointed to WPA supervisory jobs and are continuing in their accustomed ways. Ideally this is wrong, but the remedy lies not with Mr. Harry Hopkins, but with Congress. Three years ago Mr. Hopkins begged

for a civil-service status for WPA employees, with a rigid social-work examination. As long as Senators and Congressmen, as a condition of voting for WPA funds, insist on appointing home-state allies to WPA jobs, it will be humanly impossible to avoid politics. The second thing to be said concerns the recent political statements of Mr. Hopkins himself and his chief deputy, Mr. Aubrey Williams. Both men have an acute, intimate appreciation of the hardships of relievers. This intense personal feeling on their part has made the WPA as much of a success as it has been. Again it is humanly impossible to have men who will fight magnificently for the unemployed, and still keep silent when, as they believe, the New Deal program is in jeopardy.

Washington

T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Why the Boom?

EVERYWHERE the sudden shooting up of the stock market and the sparkle of optimism, like the tail of the ascending rocket, is the subject of wide-eyed but pleasant bewilderment. What did it? How long will it last? How far will it go? Is this the beginning of a protracted boom? Or is it just a bright interlude?

At the end of 1936 a large number of business prophets told us there was a great boom ahead. They were wrong. The recovery movement was already actually at an end in the very moment when they were forecasting the boom. When the recession got under way they told us it was a mere "inventory recession." They meant that nothing very serious was wrong save that producers had produced too much, they had too much on their shelves, that these inventories would soon be exhausted and that things would be going forward by fall. But the fall came and the recession deepened. Then they said we would see the upturn in the spring. In the spring the upturn went lower. Then they said it would come in the fall. This present stock-market rise they accept as the fulfilment of their prophecies. They now say that there is to be a protracted rise, attaining probably to boom proportions.

With this view I cannot agree any more than I agreed to the prophecies of boom in 1936 and later in the fall of 1937 and the spring of 1938. To say that this was a mere inventory recession is to ignore the data and, more, to ignore the technique of production in most industries. The actual facts about swollen inventories have been greatly exaggerated. And the actual location of inventories and their place in the system is overlooked. The recession has been due to far more fundamental causes. It was, in fact, a mere resumption of the older depression as soon as the government supports were relaxed.

So far as the stock market is concerned, its rise is not at all inexplicable. It had gone pretty low. Many shares were selling at prices that were far below even the current asset value of the corporations. There are always a large number of people who are looking for the right moment to get in at the bottom of prices. There is always an immense optimistic audience in Wall Street which is ready to believe

that the end of the downswing is at hand. Wise men grew rich on this during the years between 1931 and 1934. With this large group around waiting for the exact minute for buying, the widespread impression that devaluation is inevitable and the great publicity given to the President's new spending program was sufficient to touch off a spell of buying. This certainly is what happened, though there are those in Wall Street who believe that some well circulated tips about the object of Ambassador Kennedy's visit to America in connection with the British-American currency agreement had much to do with it. But that wasn't necessary. The materials were at hand for such a movement.

But in the end the thing which counts with the country and with the market itself is the business situation. One commentator has declared that the present business situation is the soundest that has been found under any market improvement in years. To this I cannot agree.

The business situation is probably no worse than it was a month ago. But it is certainly no better. Unfortunately there are no exact figures on which to base an estimate. But such as we have indicate that there has been no important rise. The latest figures available are a month old. In May department-store sales were down in every Eastern district and accounts were behind last year. Sales were down in all of twenty departments save two, although stocks were greatly reduced. As a matter of fact, stocks have not been very high for a year.

In almost every line of production the rate was down compared with April and March and heavily down compared with last year. The papers have made much of the fact that the rate of production decline was less last month than the preceding month. This means nothing because May and June production is compared with months last year after the decline had already begun.

Building construction has improved of course, as it always does in the spring. But it is still down below last year. And the improvement over preceding months is unimportant. Bank credits have declined and security financing for new funds is at the lowest mark in a long time.

Perhaps business is going to improve. But to say that the underlying business situation has improved is simply not true.

It is a reasonable assumption that if the government succeeds in pouring its funds into the economic system via relief and public works and loans with sufficient volume and speed it will give a fillip to business. Here I repeat what I said a month ago: all depends on this, since business itself presents no sign of any activity which will do it.

The question then is, can the government get its spending program under way swiftly enough? This remains to be seen. The WPA, of course, can put its funds out quickly. How quickly the government can get its loan funds and PWA funds to work, no one knows. But from all this the most that can be expected for the balance of the year would be a moderate rise in business above last year.

Of course sooner or later recovery must come. The housing situation will finally get so bad that something will have to be done about it. Railroad and utility and industrial needs will get so pressing that some money will have to flow into new construction. But apparently that moment has not arrived yet. If the prophets will just keep on predicting booms long enough, one day they will be right.

JOHN T. FLYNN

The Soldier and the Lady

THE SHOPWORN ANGEL" isn't the kind of film you'd expect much of, especially in this fearful night of the Hollywood spirit wherein red figures cover the land and any expense is too great, and absolutely everybody must tighten his belt except girths over forty-eight, and nothing must be ventured, absolutely. It is a remake of the 1929 screen version of a Dana Burnet war romance in The Saturday Evening Post of 1918, and it tells the story of a Texas rookie from Yaphank who focused the girl of his dreams in a Broadway actress, who was rather weary but really in love with another, to a knowledge of which she was revitalized by the doughboy's faith and living sweetness. So she married him just to keep his dream real until such time as it took them to blow him loose from his identification disc.

The other man hung around during the time of this regeneration and sacrifice and it is all very bloody delicate to start with. But the point is that somehow they did it, Director H. C. Potter working out Waldo Salt's screen play at just the time when 1918 seems less quaint and more prophetic than it has at any time since.

It is a queer thing and a true thing that while the movies will bungle a good deep novel more times than not, they can turn around and take some story of flash surfaces and give it the depth of reality. The reason should be clear but I'm afraid it is not. (The practising literary gentry, who have such matters in keeping, always seem to get irritated when things get clear on them. Sometimes I figure it won't take more than a generation for us to learn that very few plays can be read and very few books can be played, so obvious is this truism of difference. Sometimes I see this misconception stretching to eternity and to hell with it.) Anyway, most of our deep novels are so lacking in the quality of interest and exciting movement which an average large public demands that when you skim them for their few actual bits of dramatic motion, you get a specious, talky melodrama. While stories constructed for this color and constant motion and nothing else make such natural material that the truth and character a writer may have neglected can be filled in during production—because the director and camera may become their own philosophy at will, and the characters are already full grown in the actors, bringing to every story their foibles, strength, mannerisms and undeniable humanity.

The human quality here is owing partly to the schooled restraint of writing and direction, but even more to the unaffected appeal and warmth of Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart and Walter Pidgeon (Hattie McDaniel, Sam Levene and Nat Pendleton are also there, but it is strictly a triangle picture). For if you said, writing for The Saturday Evening Post, that the girl was knowing and tired, pert with her small mouth, stem of a torso and low whispering voice, yet fresh with some wonder of dew still held in the inner leaves—you would have just those words and no more. The same if you said the boy was a nice simple chap with a hand for milking and one word to the minute, yet with the true grace of mind and spirit, the dreams and slow certain wisdom. Whereas in the moving shadows of the screen Margaret Sullavan is there to bring

this poet's tracery of a girl into the motion of life; and James Stewart—rapidly perfecting a technique of saying the thing by planting it in the unsaid territory of false starts, half words and general confusion—is the deep slow yokel because he has created the illusion of a personal hurt and belief. Walter Pidgeon holds up a living mask for his difficult and (toward the end) shadowy part as the offside hero, having subtlety in strength. It is really our acceptance of and association with these people which makes the story actual in its time and place, actual and poignant.

In short I think you will enjoy the picture. The direction is clean, competent (and montage effects by Slavko Vorkapitch). The abundant talk is carried nicely by spacing and focus of interest. As to atmosphere, the period is carried out with a certain thorough attention to details way above the head of the current audience (the wartime barracks, the upright phones, the furnishings, the flag over every act and even the songs), though I'd like to protest a tendency that is all too general: the research department will break its neck to authenticate a thing, and then the efficiency department will turn around and use a glass shot, a canvas background, a process shot, which will make the picture funnier by next year than any historical lapse.

People around New York City should take note of the new policy being followed by the Apollo Theatre (Forty-second Street, west of Broadway); and people through the country should take note of the way this policy is going over. The Apollo is booking the outstanding foreign films of the past, on what Variety would call a grind basis (continuous from 8 A.M. to 2 A.M., 10 cents till noon; 15 cents till 6 P.M., 25 cents thereafter) and it is cleaning up on it. When films of this kind make their way at popular (*i.e.*, non-snob) prices, I begin to feel better. The revivals may be good, they may be bad, but the full-house attendance figures suggest one thing above all others: people are becoming conscious of the vast fund the moving pictures have been continually depositing in their name—not by the superficial processes of formal education, but through seeing and enjoying, through filtering into theatres of their own volition, sifting out the good from the bad with a certain lasting shrewdness.

OTIS FERGUSON

Invultuation

Owl feathers found in medicine man's room!
So *he* was the witch with the evil eye!
Elk Woman's baby died in her womb,
He looked at her and she felt it die.
So then they made an image of him
And wrapped it round with a braid of his hair
And stuck a thorn through the middle of it
And prayed for his death with incessant prayer.
The witch heard the tom-tom deep in the kiva,
The witch heard the deathsong creep from the kiva,
He felt the force of invultuation,
He stared at his own imagination,
He went to bed with his eyes insane,
He stared at the image writhing in pain,
The thorn in the image like a thorn in his bed
Punctured his vitals until he was dead.

RAMÓN ZARRO

The Bandwagon

New diplomatic tension between France and Japan appeared likely today to result from French occupation of the strategic Paracel Islands in the South China Sea. . . . It was thought here that Japan might protest, contending that the islands belong to China. — *Associated Press dispatch from Paris, printed in The Boston Transcript.*

Referring to the bombing of cities by the Insurgents and support from Italy and Germany, the publication says that General Franco has a "tender regard for babies and mothers and non-combatants," and declares that his corporative views "are highly consistent with Catholic principles and the Papal encyclicals." — *From an article in The New York Times referring to America, a Catholic weekly.*

Challenged by the sentry, she failed to reply, it was said, as she did not understand Japanese. The sentry then slapped her on the face. The only explanation of the action reaching here was that the sentry had mistaken her for a Russian. — *Associated Press dispatch from China printed in The Chicago Daily News.*

The Pick of the Pocket

In telling of his days in the Atlanta Penitentiary, our guest (an ex-bootlegger and convict) described the Sunday school, in which the prisoners grouped by denominations. "Our Presbyterian crowd was the finest bunch in the place. They were not as many as the Methodists

and Baptists, but they were high-class men, educated and able. — *From William T. Ellis' column, "Religion Day by Day," in The Toledo, O., Blade.*

The Hold-Out of the Ages

We Republicans may not know everything, but we do know how to provide jobs. We know how to promote prosperity. — *From a speech by Representative Bruce Barton before the New England Conference of Young Republicans, quoted in The New York Times.*

And We've Got Rooseveltsky!

Canada knows it has a Canadian government at Ottawa; knows the men are not exiled Russians. Canada has a premier who cannot be sold new social systems overnight. That is to say, Canada is free of the devastating effects of uncertainty. — *W. J. Cameron, spokesman for the Ford Motor Company, quoted in The American Guardian, Oklahoma City.*

Red-White-and-Blue-Herring Department

The Citizen-News is not shouting "red" for the purpose of alarming anyone or to "draw a red herring" or to create a smoke screen. It merely wants the people of Los Angeles to know that many of those seeking to destroy Hollywood business are Communists who would, if they could, rule all. — *From an editorial by Harlan G. Palmer, publisher of The Hollywood Citizen-News, many of whose employees are now on strike.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and \$1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. — THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Horror in Canton

SIR: Horrors if remote enough do not draw much attention. We wonder whether many Americans, after all they read about Spain, have the patience or interest to think about the cables received during the past fortnight from South China.

May I give you in telegram language four word pictures of what I myself saw in Canton: first, twenty small sampan ferries reduced to sticks and thirty-five dead boatpeople laid out on the embankment; second, a direct hit on Sun Yat-sen University dugout and six students killed; third, fifteen three-story shops in one spot reduced in thirty minutes to smoldering ruins and charred remains of pinned victims; fourth, seven operating rooms in one hospital hurriedly amputating mangled limbs of women, children and laborers.

A score of Red Cross workers who were trying to extricate people from under crushed roofs have been killed by the plane's machine-gunning on a return loop. The French (government) hospital received a direct hit. Passersby brought in from the river bank died on the floor of the YMCA two doors away. In a garage I saw five of the middle class, on the sidewalk nearby six bodies taken from burning buildings. In a village one mile from Lingnan eleven bombs were dropped in a row killing eleven persons, of whom two were soldiers (rare case), and demolishing forty houses. . . .

From one angle it would seem that raids on Canton are but

part of a vast campaign and no special emphasis is in order. Why devastate a great city, however, while trunk railways passing around it still carry goods from Hong Kong to the interior? Now we know from leaflets dropped in our dooryard during night visits (more terrorizing but less destructive than those by day) and from statements of the Japanese spokesman in Peiping. Their aim was to cause so much suffering to the people (compare Spain) that they would demand that the local government should revolt against the national authorities and make a separate peace.

The strategy, on the contrary, defeats itself. Bitterness deepens, the hearts of even those who have lost all are steelled. Nowhere is there thought of surrender to the brutish conqueror. In endurance none can surpass the Chinese. . . .

Meantime cannot the democratic peoples stop supplying the aggressor with oil, iron, credit? Who will keep on buying Japanese goods?

Lingnan University, Canton, China

H. C. BROWNELL

Private-Utility Relief

SIR: Associated Press reports of June 13 stated that the Conference Committee had approved a Senate amendment to the flood-control bill providing that the federal government should expend a sum not exceeding \$2,000,000 to heighten the Blakely Reservoir Dam which a private utility [the Arkansas Power and

Light Company, Captain Harvey C. Couch] is building for hydro-electric development on the Ouachita River near Hot Springs in Arkansas. But since the bill appropriates no money, the funds, it was explained, would have to come from WPA allocations or from future congressional appropriations.

It was also stated that Representative McClellan (Dem., Ark.) has already called on the President to ask him (on the assumption that he would sign the bill) to allot relief money to this project. McClellan and Senator Miller (Dem., Ark.) explained that flood-control facilities were needed to protect farming areas below Hot Springs.

This explanation of an attempt to get the Arkansas Power and Light Company put on relief is quite amusing to those Arkansawyers who understand something of Mr. Couch's ability to induce Arkansas Congressmen to jump through the hoop.

Commonwealth College, Mena, Ark.

CLAY FULKES

Where Do We Go from Here?

SIR: May a beneficent Providence grant that the affairs of the Newspaper Guild may become so active that Heywood Broun will find no further time to devote to the matter of domestic service! [The New Republic, July 6.]

"Houseworkers of the world, unite!" Ouch! It isn't that I mind paying our "jewel" a decent wage. It isn't that my wife wants her to work till midnight. Neither of us has any desire to be a face-grinder; if you don't believe that, ask the jewel. If a minimum-wage and maximum-hour law for domestic servants were to find its way to the statute books, we should worry. But the ulterior consequences of Mr. Broun's idea appall me.

Not so long ago the apartment house in which I live was picketed by striking painters. Okay. Fine. Some of the tenants growled about it, but not me. I had no way of knowing the merits of the strike, but certainly the boys had a right to walk up and down with their little signs if that was any help to them. But suppose that my bright particular jewel was unable to get to my apartment because her walking delegate forbade her to break a picket line? You will observe that there would be nothing I could do about it. I couldn't insist on the painters being given more dough. I have a lease, and its provisions contain nothing about holding out the rent to constrain the owners to pay painters higher wages. There would be no form of pressure I could exert to help the painters, except maybe threatening to move out when my lease expires. And I like it here. I don't want to move.

Then there's the sympathy strike. That's being pulled with great enthusiasm in various parts of our remarkable republic. I recoil from the prospect of choosing between the little woman's cookery and the kind of restaurants available in my corner of dear old Brooklyn until the relations between Local 4-11-44 of the International Amalgamated Cheese-separer's Union and their villainous employers have been amicably adjusted.

Then again consider my feelings on being told that I can't have my favorite brand of baked beans or my selected choice of ham for Sunday-morning breakfast, on account of the canners or the packers are nux vomica with John L. Lewis or have been put in the doghouse by the NLRB! Far-fetched? Well, they're doing it with Eagle Pencils.

I don't wish Heywood Broun any bad luck, but I hope he has a severe attack of writer's cramp before he gets any more ideas like this one into production. And just in passing, I don't quite understand Mr. Broun's annoyance with Rose Wilder Lane for feeding carpenters a hot lunch. I'm not much at making soup, but I have made a practice of offering my idea of suitable refreshment after labor to such artisans as have from time to time worked about my home. I have yet to be told to pour it back into the bottle.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Upton Sinclair, from Pasadena, California, addresses a letter to his readers all over the world: "... People of France, do not permit the Spanish border to be sealed. People of Britain, stop the deal with Hitler which will permit the sacrifice of the little peoples of Central Europe. People of Soviet Russia, help the world to understand more clearly the difference between producers and exploiters, and why all the hopes of the future lie in the producers. People of Asia, lift your voices against the military lords of Japan. ... To the people of my own country, Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution, I plead that they will prepare for that new birth of freedom ... and see to it that government of the people, by the people and for the people does not perish from the earth. ..."

Seymour Stern of Hollywood, California, thinks that the State Department may be forced to change its attitude toward Spain; that the change may be brought about by a vigorous propaganda campaign designed (1) "to expose the Roosevelt-Chamberlain-Mussolini conspiracy against the Spanish Republic, and (2) to force Roosevelt and the State Department to show their true hand in relation to the British imperialist program."

... Stanley D. Dodge of Berkeley, California, writes that the confusion in the United States' foreign policy comes from its formulation by "human beings working with problems" which are "almost, if not entirely, beyond their comprehension."

John S. Sills of Chagrin Falls, Ohio, objects to some of the letters The New Republic has printed on the Moscow trials. He believes that the principle of "hearing both sides" may be carried too far, especially when the letters published contain statements that cannot be checked by the average reader. ... Brian Walsh of Pasadena, California, reports that George Fielding Eliot's letter (June 29) "knocked Mr. Lewis Mumford's silly argument into a cocked hat." ... George Randall of New York City is working on a plan for a consumers' boycott of all commodities manufactured in Jersey City, Hudson County, New Jersey. He wants the reactions of readers to the idea. ... The Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, 125 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City, send an urgent call for contributions, signed by David McKelvy White, national chairman.

What's on the Air?

George Soule talks on "The People's Platform," one in a series of round-table discussions on current questions, conducted by Lyman Bryson, Wednesday, July 20, 8 P.M., CBS.

King George VI of England and President Albert Lebrun of France dedicate the Australian National War monument at Villers Bretonneaux, Friday, July 22, 8:30 A.M., CBS.

University Town Meeting Debate on "Should the Democracies Unite against Dictators?" Friday, July 22, 8 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Musical and dramatic programs of the week include the Cincinnati Summer Opera Association's production of Verdi's "Aida," Saturday, July 16, 11 P.M., NBC-Red Network; world premiere of "Eight Etudes for Orchestra" by Robert Russell Bennett, Sunday, July 17, 3 P.M., CBS; Lewisohn Stadium Concert, Sunday, July 17, 8:30 P.M., CBS; "Treasure Island," presented by The Mercury Theatre, Monday, July 18, 9 P.M., CBS; "Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick," presented by the Four Corners Theatre, Tuesday, July 19, 8 P.M., CBS; Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, Thursday, July 21, 8 P.M., Mutual; "Alison's House," by Susan Glaspell, Thursday, July 21, 9 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; and a Robin Hood Dell concert by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, Friday, July 22, 9:30 P.M., Mutual.

All times given are Eastern Standard Time.

Books in Review

The Death of a World

BACK IN FEBRUARY OF 1933, when the bank holiday was almost upon us, people in New York went about gloomily predicting the worst. If they had really believed all they said, they would have exchanged their deposit slips for gold and they would have hid the gold in Connecticut caves or shipped it to Canada. But few of them even bothered to draw out their savings in the form of paper money; no matter how pessimistically they talked, they *acted* as incurable optimists. That is the way with man, and that is why we have so few revolutions.

In the case of the bank holiday the result was happy, at least on a *pro-tem* basis. The refusal of a people to stampepe had its reward when Roosevelt came in and slew the dragon of fear. But optimism sometimes betrays. Last February and March, when Austria's Chancellor Schuschnigg was winning verbal victories against Hitler, the Viennese behaved very much as New Yorkers behaved during the banking crisis. Many of them predicted the worst; some of them straddled the issue by saying "Heil Hitschnigg." But they continued their daily living as optimists. Vienna's 300,000 Jews and half-Jews went about their business as if nothing were to happen. The Viennese counted on Hitler's honor, or on French and British aid, or on Mussolini's fear of having Germany camped on the Brenner Pass. They counted up to the very last minute. Then some of them ran, and for many of the would-be emigrants it was too late. When their taxis reached the gate to Bratislava they found the Czechoslovak border closed. There was nothing to do but go back to Vienna.

Eugene Lennhoff, editor of The Vienna Telegraph, was one of the last-minute men who came pounding up to Bratislava only to be turned away. Luckily, however, he had a resourceful driver who thought of taking him and his friends to the Hungarian frontier station of Kittsee, a quarter of an hour distant. Herr Lennhoff's stark, staccato description of the waiting line at Kittsee is unforgettable. There were mothers holding their babies high in the air; there were little children gazing on the scene without comprehension, their eyes filled with sleep. Herr Lennhoff recognized an industrialist who two hours before had been head of a big business in Vienna. He saw lawyers, doctors, a critic, a director of a large Vienna conservatory, a musical-comedy librettist. All of them had raced against time; all expected momentarily to hear the cruel cry: "The border is closed." But the Hungarians, less efficient than the Czechs, let them through.

There is an irony here, for the Hungarians are virtual allies of Hitler, while the Czechs are his sworn enemies. But irony or not, the result of the Hungarians' laggard behavior is a good book.¹ For Herr Lennhoff carried with him his diary, kept from February 12, the day of the so-called Berchtesgaden agreement, until March 11, the day

of his flight. To this diary he has added his memories of "the last five hours of Austria." The combination is a monument to the optimism of the human species; it is also a sad commentary on the political ineptitude not only of the Versailles powers but of the Austrian leaders who killed the fighting spirit of their country back in 1934, when the Social Democrats were put down in blood.

Doctor Schuschnigg has been hailed as a brave man who fought Hitler to the last and bowed only to a vastly superior might. But Herr Lennhoff's picture of Schuschnigg is of a man without imagination or force. Schuschnigg had watched the Nazis murder Dollfuss, who had in his own time killed the Social Democrats, yet Schuschnigg trusted both in the Dollfuss tradition and in Hitler's word. He trusted in his own friends, Dr. Arthur Seyss-Inquart and Dr. Guido Schmidt, even when they were obviously pro-Nazi. He let Dr. Schmidt guide him in foreign affairs. He let Schmidt and von Papen persuade him to visit Berchtesgaden, and he went off like a lamb, hoping for a friendly settlement of differences with Hitler. Later, when all seemed lost, he ordered the plebiscite in spite of warnings from Italy that the "bomb will go off in your hand." It is, of course, easy to criticize with the benefit of hindsight. Yet Herr Lennhoff quotes people of foresight in Schuschnigg's Vienna. The tragedy is that these people were powerless. The Austrian government had itself rendered them powerless when it abolished parliamentary government and the party system in 1933.

The political effrontery of the Nazis, as detailed by Herr Lennhoff, is almost incredible. In January the police of the Austrian Patriotic Front broke into the headquarters of the illegal Nazi Party on the Teinfalstrasse and seized a plan for the dismemberment and absorption of the Austrian state by Germany. This plan was initialed "R. H."—which presumably stood for Rudolf Hess, Hitler's right-hand man. When Schuschnigg went to Berchtesgaden, he carried the seized plan with him, thinking to embarrass Hitler into a sincere denial of its authenticity. But when he arrived at the chalet of the superman he was brusquely told to cool his heels in an ante-room while the boss remained "in conference." The bewildered Schuschnigg started to put his briefcase on a table, then jumped back in horrified amazement. For there on that table, strewn out so that he could not miss them, were the details of a plot that paralleled the Teinfalstrasse plan in every way. Hitler was serving notice on his guest. Even after this brazen welcome Schuschnigg still trusted to negotiation and to Hitler's word. He probably had no other alternative. Yet there was still a month before the Nazi seizure of Austria, and conceivably something might have been worked out with England, France and Mussolini, none of whom wanted Austria to lose her independence. If Mussolini did indeed warn Schuschnigg against calling the plebiscite that so enraged the Germans, then Schuschnigg was guilty of an unpardonable blunder. He might at least have picked a time when the French were not having one of their monthly domestic crises and when

¹ The Last Five Hours of Austria, by Eugene Lennhoff. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 269 pages. \$2.50.

Italy was not too involved in Spain to take care of the Brenner Pass.

What makes Herr Lennhoff's book exciting is its mixture of high politics with the expectant talk of the cafés and the newspaper shop. It is an experience to live through the death of a newspaper, as anyone who was around during the last days of the old New York World can and will tell you. But when the death of a newspaper and the death of a country are seen coming together, the one inextricably implicated in the other, the suspense is almost unbearable. Simply by sticking to homely observations Herr Lennhoff makes his book a terrifying experience. His description of the extremely efficient way in which the Nazis had organized Austria on a sub-rosa basis is also terrifying. It almost makes one believe that the trouble with the earth is that it is inherited by those who go to meetings.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Nighttime in Dixie

Forty Acres and Steel Mules, by Herman Clarence Nixon. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 105 pages. \$2.50.

FARMERS are notoriously an exploited class, and the South has half of the farmers in the United States. Unorganized labor is exploited, and the South has more unorganized labor than any other section of equivalent area. Negroes are exploited, and the South has two-thirds of all the Negroes in the United States.

This concentration within the region of three conspicuously luckless groups seems to Mr. Nixon an adequate explanation of the story of exploitation—"with many Southerners participating in the winnings"—that unfolds in his examination of agriculture in the South. He is no witch-hunter. He is skeptical of the personal-devil explanation of the ills that beset us, and even when he discovers an occasional Simon Legree, he inspects him with the cool curiosity of an entomologist studying a repulsive but interesting bug.

But this objectivity serves only to make more effective his indictment of existing conditions in the southeastern states. It is the dismal story of a land rich in every element, save one, that goes into the making of a great civilization; but the missing element, unfortunately, is a leadership socially enlightened, lacking which all the other riches have been frittered away until the land today is the poorest of the poor.

Mr. Nixon has written for the general reader, in clear, non-technical language, the description of a highly complex situation. The clarity of his writing is assisted by about 150 photographs furnished by the Farm Security Administration, which are frequently more eloquent than any text could be. One thing that emerges distinctly from his pages is the reason for the relative failure of all the missionary effort that idealists from other sections have expended upon the South. It is a fact that "the ills of the South are ills of class more than of region or section." The overlapping of three exploited classes is what concentrates below the Potomac ills that nevertheless exist everywhere. The idealists have never abolished exploitation at home: why should they be more successful against the heavier concentration of the evil in the South?

"Forty Acres and Steel Mules" is a somber book and yet its very existence has a significance that is not somber. Mr. Nixon is a Southerner; the University of North Carolina, whose Press published his book, is a Southern university. Surely, here is evidence that the element hitherto missing, the element of socially enlightened leadership, is beginning to appear. It is late indeed, but it is certainly not too late to begin the rebuilding of the South for the wiser and better use of its still immense material and human wealth.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

Bad News of England

News of England, by Beverley Nichols. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 297 pages. \$2.50.

THE NEWS OF ENGLAND is very bad. Mr. Nichols scurries hither and thither, goes up in an airplane and down a Welsh coal mine, and everywhere he finds the English doing what they shouldn't do, and leaving undone what they should do. Poor people get drunk when they go on bus trips, and indulge in an "orgy of dancing and screaming"; they drink crude "British" wine, and persist in wasting their money on football pools and the dog-racing tracks. The upper classes are no better. The gilded youth of Oxford are immensely inferior in their debating and intellectual qualities to the great days in the early twenties when Mr. Nichols was president of the Union. They also imbibe overmuch. He quotes a shocking disclosure from a book written by a young man who only left Oxford a year ago as to undergraduate behavior in restaurants: "Any night food may be flying through the air; when the undergraduates are waiting to be served, they habitually endeavor to draw attention to themselves by such means. Later in the evening they may be seen staggering out with disordered stomachs. . . ."

Society women do nothing to make things better for anybody except by organizing parties and pageants for causes they can't remember the name of. But this gives them publicity and an excuse for buying expensive clothes. The younger married set are in the habit of using words and phrases traditionally associated with the more alcoholic moments of the Thames bargee. Nor can any guidance be discovered in the Established Church. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dean of Canterbury and the aged Bishop of London are trounced individually; the country clergy are described as "old men who cough and wheeze their way into the pulpits and stare out at their sad little congregations through eyes that can hardly see." Do not turn with any hope to England's youth, for this, with hunched shoulders, cap over its forehead and blackened teeth, is immeasurably inferior to organized self-respecting youth in the totalitarian states.

But the author grows short of breath from his shrill scolding, and it occurs to him that he should present somebody or something for our admiration. So in a section called "divertissement" he introduces his friend Norman Hartnell, British dress designer, and then the English Ballet with Freddy Ashton, choreographer, and young Robert Helpman, dancer. A little softened by this interlude he goes on to tell us that American film stars are speaking

the truth when they say that English policemen are wonderful. They really and truly are wonderful. Then, mounting upwards to still higher things, we come in the penultimate chapter to—and this is no surprise—Sir Oswald Mosley, leader of the British Fascists: “He is the only man I know who has the qualities of that hero for whom the country has waited so long and waited in vain.”

Time was when the works of Mr. Beverley Nichols could give you a laugh. But in the year of grace 1938, the joke is a poor one.

NORAH HOULT

CIO on the March

Labor on the March, by Edward Levinson. New York: Harper and Brothers. 325 pages. \$3.

THOSE WHO HAVE FOLLOWED the complex turbulence of the American labor movement since 1933 will welcome this book telling why and how the CIO originated and what have been its progress and purpose. An inside observer of many of the events dealt with, and an able reporter handling a hard-hitting journalese, Edward Levinson has gathered the thousands of dispersed items into one integrated picture. Of course, one can hardly miss fire with stories as thrilling as those of the Atlantic City convention of the A. F. of L. in 1935 or of the sit-down strikes at Flint last year. But Mr. Levinson has done much more than squeeze the news value out of sensational incidents and melodramatic personalities; he has undertaken, with discernment and skill, “to probe beneath, to study the variations of opinion and of strategy.” Because it rests on a great store of first-hand knowledge and experience, “Labor on the March” is crowded with sharp detail and yet succeeds in bringing unity out of chaotic materials.

As one watches the figure of American labor grappling with industrial combination and monopoly finance, one is struck not with the to-be-expected hostility of employers, but rather with the self-interest and crass stupidity of much of the A. F. of L. officialdom. Yet it is not too difficult to understand that men like Hutcheson of the carpenters and Tobin of the teamsters would defend to the last their vested interests in craft unionism. After all, as Mr. Levinson neatly asks, “How could nineteen presidents of nineteen building-trades unions, each with a host of paid business agents, contemplate an amalgamation which would require but one paid president and a single set of business agents?”

What is less explicable is the role of William Green, who emerges from a mist of hot air—“Now, my friends, at this solemn moment, solemn to you and those you represent, significant beyond your comprehension and your appreciation, because in the days to come when you and I have passed into the great beyond, your children and your children’s children will refer to this historic event . . .”—ignoring earlier pledges in support of industrial unionism, peevishly suspending and expelling the CIO unions, making backstairs agreements with employers, in every way exerting himself to stop the CIO organization campaigns. After Green’s denunciation of the sit-down strike last year, John L. Lewis commented with an adaptation from Hamlet: “He again sells his own breed down the river. He bends the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrive may follow fawning.”

Fortunately for the picture, the shadow is relieved by the light of the CIO triumph. It is heartening to refresh one’s memory of the CIO’s drive into the anti-union strongholds of automobile, steel and textiles. It is equally heartening to see how competent leaders arose out of the turmoil, acute enough to grasp the urgency of organizing all workers—even the “garbage” so long disdained by the A. F. of L. aristocracy—and cunning enough to outmaneuver the employers. Most heartening, however, is the progressive temper of the new labor movement, its readiness to go beyond the limited outlook of the Gompers-Green tradition, to embrace wider social objectives, to fight for “security of employment, adequacy of income and the maintenance of civil liberties and democratic rights.”

SAMUEL YELLEN

Government and Business

Rhode Island: A Guide to the Smallest State, compiled and edited by the Federal Writers’ Project of the Works Progress Administration for Rhode Island. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 526 pages. \$2.50.

THIS BOOK, like the other New England guides, is a triumph of private enterprise. This may seem a queer statement, since these books are frequently praised as public achievements. And that is also true, for they were written under official supervision and the writers and compilers paid out of taxes. But they were printed and bound by a well known publishing house. Contrast the WPA guide to the city of Washington, which was put out by the Government Printing Office; it looks like a city directory and is as heavy as the corporate income tax. On the contrary, the Rhode Island guide is attractive to look at and can be carried around by a tourist without the aid of a motor truck. In fact, the New England guides represent an ideal combination of public and private enterprise. The government has limited itself to the aspects of the work which ordinary publishers and authors would not take care of anywhere near so well—if, indeed, they would ever have undertaken the book at all. The expense of compilation of detailed information, of reproducing scores of illustrations, runs far beyond the wildest hope of returns from sales. Without public funds available, such a small state would perhaps have formed the subject of a pamphlet as big as *The Reader’s Digest* or been noticed in a few pages in a nationwide survey without pictures, like the 1909 Baedeker. And even for that, we might have waited another quarter-century. So the government stepped into the gap and, for the first time in our history, something was done for the unemployed white-collar workers—besides giving us the latest information about our own surroundings. But when the manuscript was completed, there was no longer a gap. There were plenty of experienced businesses available who knew how to print books and bring them before consumers. And so we have a coöperative product that it would be hard to better.

The introductory essays fill about a third of the book. This is natural for a state that is in some ways a single community. Next come sections on the few cities and principal towns—Bristol, Newport, Pawtucket, Providence, Warwick, Westerly and Woonsocket. Over a dozen tours

along the main highways follow. Last are a chronological table, a bibliography (rather too slight on history since 1790), and an excellent index.

As a sample of the merits of the book, take the section on Pawtucket. Any sensitive person who has driven through that city on the way from Boston to points south must have felt that such a place as Pawtucket ought not to exist. There is hardly an amenity in sight—park or handsome public building or art museum or spacious street of residences. Just factories and small shops and decayed mansions are all that most tourists ever see of the birthplace of two of America's greatest enterprises, textiles and machine tools. (Compare the textile towns of Flanders.) All this drabness is the price for the prosperity of Providence and for much that is lovely in the state. Yet this book, although it will hardly bring crowds of sightseers to Pawtucket, does show that off the main-traveled streets are an eighteenth-century tavern, some colonial houses—one with a secret closet in which to hide from the Indians—and a library by Ralph Adams Cram. Points of pride like these can inspire the citizens and their children to bring in fresh elements of beauty and livableness.

Much attention is paid to the great recreational areas in our most thickly populated state. But a word might have been said of how much one man, Henry A. Barker, did as Park Commissioner to make all this loveliness possible as a playground for everybody. ZECHARIAH CHAFEE JR.

Father Confucius

Master Kung: The Story of Confucius, by Carl Crow. New York: Harper and Brothers. 346 pages. \$3.50.

The Wisdom of Confucius, edited and translated with notes by Lin Yutang. New York: The Modern Library. 307 pages. 95 cents.

IF SUCCESS LIES in the influence exercised by an individual upon his fellow men, the life of Kung the Master—known to the Western world as Confucius—was one of glowing success. To one-quarter of the human race he has, for two millennia and more, represented the epitome of virtue.

To the Western world the figure of Confucius has been shadowy. His teaching has seemed austere, formal and desiccated, the vitality of his influence having proved difficult to comprehend. This influence was spread by pedagogical principles inculcated in the early ages. Students learned by rote the words of their Confucian classics, long before they comprehended the sense. These words formed a reservoir from which the black-haired people drew long draughts of learning.

Carl Crow, astutely drawing a distinction between the warmly human Master Kung, beloved of the Chinese, and the severely formal Confucius of Western tradition, concerns himself with the daily life of the sage. Disclaiming all pretense to research, he strives, from well known records, to make the man a living personality; avoiding Chinese names, he focuses attention upon the figure of Master Kung, against the background of an almost anonymous society. He follows the Master's biography with care and relates many charming anecdotes, such as the following:

"It is now near the beginning of spring," said the disciple. "I would like to take off this winter clothing, join a crowd of young men and boys and bathe in the River Yi, dance on the grass, enjoy the spring breezes and come home singing."

His more austere comrades looked their shocked disapproval. . . . They felt sure he was in for . . . rebuke which the Master could administer so effectively. . . . The Master was silent. . . . He looked at the sunlight . . . felt the warm spring breezes. . . . For a moment he forgot the . . . duties of his leadership. He sighed and said: "That is just the way I feel."

The book is illustrated with forty-nine delightful outline drawings. The originals were executed by artists of the T'ang dynasty who depict Master Kung and his followers in the flowing robes of that period—a graceful style which the Japanese then adopted and, broadly speaking, still use.

Lin Yutang concerns himself with the teachings of the sage and collects the most important tenets from different sections of the "Five Classics" and the "Four Books." Realizing that Western readers, unlike the Chinese, are not content to read a line or two and then cogitate for several days over "the thought and its implications," he has selected chapters which represent connected essays on given topics: as Central Harmony, Education, and so on. He appends the first English translation of Szema Ch'ien's "Life of Confucius" as well as a most important chapter from the work of Master Kung's greatest follower, Mencius.

In his attempt to reveal the essence of Confucian wisdom, Dr. Lin, in what he frankly describes as paraphrase, uses most colloquial English. Granted that the brilliant brevity of Chinese style cannot be reproduced, it is not necessary to be verbose. Nor is the use of ephemeral slang advisable in a work of timeless value. On page 97 he makes the last line of Confucius' death song read "The Philosopher is passing out!"

The data contained in these two studies hold much of value for the Occidental. In worldwide influence the life of Confucius was one of the most successful ever lived. Three other lives, and three only, are comparable—those of Mohammed, the Buddha, the Christ.

FLORENCE AYSCOUGH

Evangelical Criticism

Towards the Twentieth Century, by H. V. Routh. New York: The Macmillan Company. 402 pages. \$3.50.

MR. ROUTH's scholarly and illuminating history of Victorian and Edwardian literature is concerned not so much with the past as with the future. It is a work of evangelical criticism, expounding the whole duty of literature—to provide the synthesis of intellect and emotion, of truth and desire, which man needs for happiness. "Without sacrificing intellectual truth," literature must "restore our zest in life, our confidence in our species and consequently in our intimate selves," and Mr. Routh's literary history is intended to point out the pitfalls which in the past have prevented this true consummation.

That letters should guide life is a belief which, in some form or other, most of us would defend. It is a salutary idea and certainly Mr. Routh's devotion to it makes his study much more urgent and interesting than the usual

literary survey. Yet, salutary as it is, nothing can be more obstructive of critical insight than its excess; and, shrewd critic as Mr. Routh is, his overindulgence in it leads him into basic critical errors.

It was the Victorians, deprived of so many of the comforts of religion, who put upon literature the conscious responsibility for man's spiritual guidance and fortification. Carlyle most dramatically propounded the new status of secular letters; Matthew Arnold, to whose thought Mr. Routh's has considerable affinity, elaborated it most compellingly. In many ways Arnold's theory was sensible and sinewy; what he called "adequate" literature was that which gave the reader an emotional adjustment with which he might effectively meet the world. But Arnold, confused by his commitment to religion, was sometimes—not always—inclined to carry his theory too far, with the result that he gave only a doubtful second place to Chaucer, Rabelais and Molière because they seemed to him to lack "seriousness," by which he meant that they did not do the quasi-religious job of composing the human spirit: they merely explored it.

Yet clearly the helps literature may give are far more various and subtle than Arnold conceived or Mr. Routh will consider. E. M. Forster, for example, tells how, when stationed in Egypt during the War and sickened by the rubbishy idealism war breeds, he was revived and restored to sanity by a book; and of all the books that might succor a human soul, this book was "A Rebours"! "Was it decadent?" says Forster, "Yes, and thank God": the spectacle of des Esseintes being "selfish and himself" was what rescued him from the war bilge.

It seems to me that if, like Arnold and Mr. Routh, you ask too much of literature you get far less than literature can give. If, like Mr. Routh, you examine George Gissing under the aspect of all the lacks of modern life, just what of Gissing is left for you? The excessive demand blunts the critical edge; the interest of Henry James, Mr. Routh tells us, "generally ends with the technics of the intellect"; but it need end there only if you expect James to be the Law and the Prophets. Mr. Routh finds that Hardy as a poet is a failure because "he cannot mix his best self with his material, however artistic the execution. The resilience, expansiveness and vitality of human nature find no outlet. What he writes about does not serve the highest emotional experiences which imply self-fulfilment." I do not quite know what this means, but remembering what Hardy does do for his reader, Mr. Routh's protest is, I think, what people call wanting egg in your beer. Certainly it seems to be asking a writer to do what only a whole culture can do.

Mr. Routh calls up before the bar of criticism the great names of the last century to find out whether or not they have solved the human dilemma and left a recipe for wholeness. We know the inevitable result of the examination: they failed; and Mr. Routh's exposition of the ways of their failure makes a book eminently worth reading. Yet there seems something basically maladroit in conceiving their history in terms of failure. After all, in a very real sense, every age has "failed," and every writer "fails." Perhaps our very notion of a literary "age" is of a group of men who failed in similar ways to solve the human problem.

LIONEL TRILLING

New Books: A Reader's List

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY: A PEOPLE'S UNIVERSITY, by Alvin Johnson (Grady Press, \$1). Published under the auspices of the American Association for Adult Education, this little book brilliantly assesses the present work and viewpoint of the important libraries of the country from the point of view of their possible contribution to democratic education in the future. Required reading for librarians, patrons of libraries and public-spirited citizens.

CANADA LOOKS ABROAD, by R. A. MacKay and E. B. Rogers (Oxford, \$3.50). A scholarly and objective study, published under the auspices of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, of Canada's relation to the British Commonwealth of Nations, to the United States and to the rest of the world. A bit on the dull side, but an admirable presentation of the economic and historic background of Canadian problems; goes much into detail on the legal angles involved in Canadian neutrality. Fine index; 65-page Appendix of state documents.

SOJOURNER TRUTH, GOD'S FAITHFUL PILGRIM, by Arthur Huff Fauset (University of North Carolina Press, \$1). One of the Chapel Hill series of Negro biographies, telling the unusual story of Isabella Van Wagener (1797-1883), an illiterate slave who became the friend and comrade of the Abolitionist leaders. Not a first-rate writing job, and sometimes naïve in style and viewpoint, but very interesting for its picture of a vital, exciting life.

ISAAC FRANKLIN, SLAVE TRADER AND PLANTER OF THE OLD SOUTH, by Wendell Holmes Stephenson (Louisiana State University Press, \$3). A fine piece of original research into a little-known aspect of Southern history: the practical management of the cotton plantations. Fine detail on financial transactions and the relation of the planter to the "factor"; an introductory section gives a good picture of Louisiana life. Required reading for the serious student of pre-Civil War history; not intended for the layman.

ON TOP OF THE WORLD, by Lazar Brontman (Covici, Friede, \$3). A Pravda journalist's account of the Soviet Polar Expedition of 1937-38. Exciting material—the scientific and human details of a well organized flight into danger, eight months on a floating ice floe—that no one interested in science or adventure should miss, in spite of the constant reminders that there is no god but Stalin.

THE FUN OF PHOTOGRAPHY, by Mario and Mabel Scacheri (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50). Not a textbook, but a lively and valuable guide for anyone who aims higher than the family album. Hints on composition, montage, developing, trick printing, and especially choice of subject, enlivened by 375 illustrations showing right and wrong techniques for making a picture click.

MEN AGAINST CRIME, by Henry Lysing (Kemp, \$2.50). A survey of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, from its early days as storehouse for political handouts through its rejuvenation under the present anti-crime crusade. Reverential in tone, with special praise for Hoover's scientific Bureaus and for his development of the clean-shaven, muscular and highly ethical G-Man.

WERE WE GUINEA PIGS? by the Class of 1938, University High School, Ohio State University (Henry Holt, \$2). Fifty-five members of a graduating class take inventory after six years of progressive education. Checking the results of integrated courses, an informal teacher-pupil

relationship, long-term projects and similar classroom experiences, the authors find their balance (academic, social, etc.) definitely on the credit side. A sensible, candid book, its very existence testifying to the value of the training behind it.

THE PUZZLE OF PALESTINE, by David H. Popper (Foreign Policy Association, 95 cents). A timely discussion that goes back to the origins of the problem that is Palestine. The major part of the book is devoted to events there since the Balfour Declaration, a document that resulted in raising so many false hopes and may yet lead to another undeclared war.

CONCORD IN JEOPARDY, by Doris Leslie (Macmillan, \$2.50). The story of a talented English artist, torn by the familiar problem of whether to paint to fill his pocket-book or paint to appease his soul; a couple of love affairs are interwoven and the World War finishes it off. Handled skillfully, though so long-winded that occasionally its interest sags.

MAY FLAVIN, by Myron Brinig (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50). About a policeman's fiery daughter who holds her own against poverty, scandal and a runaway husband, and finally collects her dividends in the form of her children's achievements. Local color and good characters from Chicago, the Bowery and Hollywood; the last half slips glibly into a success-story pattern.

HARRY PICKERING, by Robert E. McClure (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50). The tragedy of the overprivileged. The disintegration of a young man of good looks and intelligence who never had to learn the truth about himself or the world. Rounded, though not brilliant, criticism of the transmission of wealth without responsibility and social intelligence.

THE WALL, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2). A mystery novel in which a beautiful alimony racketeer gets her deserts and the bystanders get a headache. Well handled by a skilled handler—plenty of corpses, plenty of suspects, nice wealthy setting and nice well dressed people, with enough characterization to build up into a novel.

A CHALLENGE TO CAESAR, by Saul Saphire (Covici, Friede, \$2.50). A historical novel with cardboard figures against the background of ancient Palestine after Titus had taken it over. Sunday-school moralizing, sugar-coated but unpalatable.

ESCAPE TO PRISON, by Robert E. Burns (Vanguard Press, \$2). "The true story of 'Killer' Martin." Its lesson is that as between criminals and those who punish them on behalf of society, the latter are frequently the more anti-social by

far. This Martin was a Square John; the law itself turned him into an outlaw. Once you read it you won't forget the part about Williams, tear of a private chain gang and the most sadistic bastard that ever walked the earth.

A Correction

Through a typographical error, the Countryman Press, of Weston, Vermont, was moved to Virginia in The New Republic of July 13.

Contributors

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT, author and military critic, is at work on a book on the strategy of military and naval defense of the American continents, for publication in the fall by Reynal and Hitchcock.

RALPH BARTON COONEY is advertising manager for one of New York City's biggest real-estate firms. For the past ten years he has been studying decentralization and regional planning.

WALDO FRANK, whose "Virgin Spain" was published ten years ago, has spent the past winter and spring in London, finishing a novel for fall publication.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD is the author of a biography of Emily Dickinson as well as many books of verse, of which the most recent is "Not Mine to Finish."

RAMON ZARRO is a Spanish-American native of Taos, New Mexico. He has written poetry for various periodicals and is particularly interested in socialized medicine for the native population of New Mexico.

GERALD W. JOHNSON has been an editorial writer on The Baltimore Evening Sun since 1926. He has written biographies of Andrew Jackson and John Randolph and is the author of "A Little Night-Music," published last year by Harper's.

NORAH HOULT's most recent novel is "Coming from the Fair," published last May by Covici, Friede.

SAMUEL YELLEN is a member of the English faculty of Indiana University and the author of "American Labor Struggles."

ZECHARIAH CHAFEE JR., professor of Law at the Harvard Law School, recently published "State House v. Pent House: Legal Problems of the Rhode Island Race Track Row," the first of a series of Dorr Pamphlets on Rhode Island affairs, past, present and future.

FLORENCE AYSCOUGH is a writer and lecturer on Chinese affairs and a translator of Chinese literature. Among her books are "Travels of a Chinese Poet," "Fire-cracker Land" and "Pictures of the Chinese World."

LIONEL TRILLING is a member of the English Department of Columbia University. He has recently completed his study of Matthew Arnold which W. W. Norton will publish next winter.

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